FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" Regd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, APRIL 7, 1945
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXI No. 2359 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 7 1945

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

OTARD'S BRANDY
Famous since 1795

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
GAYMER'S CYDER
WM. GAYMER & SON LTD., ATTLEBOROUGH, NORFOLK, ENG.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
Supplies are now very limited, but are distributed as fairly as possible amongst Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants throughout the United Kingdom.

PADDY
10 YEARS OLD WHISKY
The Cork Distilleries Co. Ltd., Cork, Ireland.

For HEADACHE & NEURALGIA
1/3 & 3/- Incl. Purchase Tax
Sold everywhere in tablet and powder form.
Cephos Pronounced See-foss REG°
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
is safe and certain

TENNENT'S BRITISH LAGER
J. & R. TENNENT LTD.
WELLPARK BREWERY, GLASGOW.
ESTABLISHED FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES.
TRADE MARK T

JUST YOUR CUP OF TEA
3/4 PER LB.
DOCTOR
REGD. TRADE MARK
CEYLON TEA
Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd., 20 Eastcheap, E.C.3

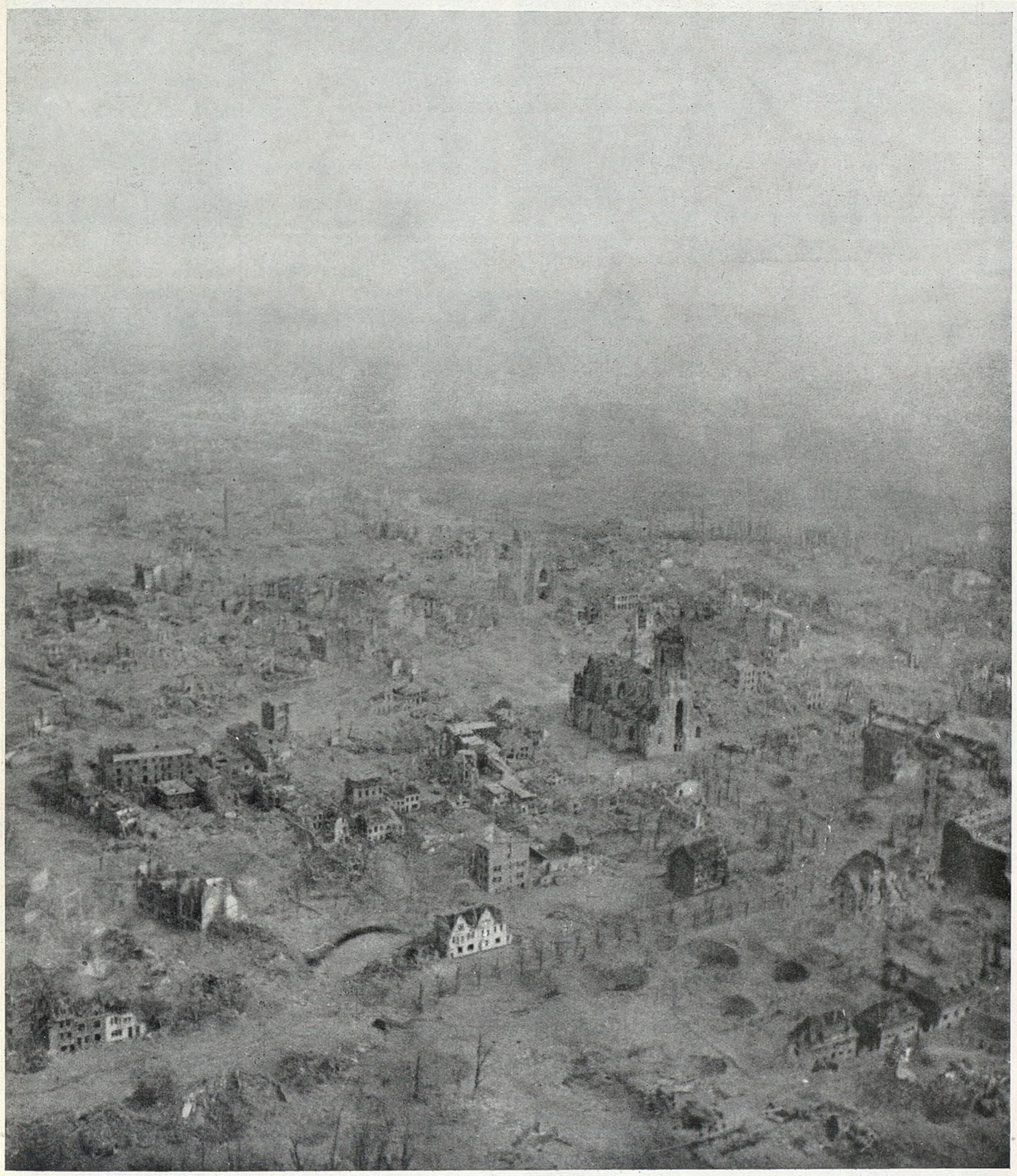
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

My Goodness—where's the Guinness?

G.E.1233.B

Volume CLXXXI No. 2359 The SPHERE, London, April 7, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



GERMAN CITIES ARE BEING PULVERISED TO DUST: THE RUINS OF WESEL, KEY POINT ON THE EAST BANK OF THE RHINE, after it had been captured by British Commando troops four hours after they had crossed the river as the spearhead of the Twenty-first Army Group on March 23, before the main crossings were launched

Wesel was probably the most strongly-defended German position of all across the Lower Rhine. To capture this "hinge," Commandos were sent over at about 10 o'clock on the night of March 23 (just before the main crossings of the river by the Second Army) to make good their crossing and to establish themselves on the farther bank. Nearly half an hour later the air attack opened against Wesel, while the Commandos sat tight on the river bank not far off and presumably hoped that none of the bombs would fall wide of their mark. When the Allied Air Forces had finished, this is the picture the town presented—a heap of powdered rubble with only the shells of a few buildings remaining upright. This same process has been repeated time after time wherever the Nazis have built up strong-points in the line of our advance. It is the application of a method which the Germans themselves invented when they thought that their own ruthlessness would go unpunished!

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER No. 292

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Getting Across.—Our hearts are there, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, with our own men on the east bank of the Rhine above and below Wesel. They have made a wonderful landfall by water and from the air. The B.B.C. rightly judged the public craving for early and vivid news and prepared what must be a new "record" in the modern technique of war reporting. I take off my hat (it was indeed already off my head) to those many reporters who, in gliders and tows, in amphibious craft and from watch-towers, so kept their heads and nerve under conditions of unexampled stress as to give clear word-pictures of what they could see of events, minute by burning minute. All honour to the brave among the brave. There is nothing but praise for them and for the men they publicised. But (and perhaps I am in a minority of one in so thinking) the new technique, unlike Montgomery's armies, does not yet get across. These reports from plane and craft and tower conveyed to me no faint suggestion of war, as war is now and always. They told no more than did a running commentary of a tennis final at Wimbledon, a cup final at Wembley. They gave me hardly a peep at the 'ooves of the 'orses. Why is it? Not, I think, from any auricular failure, though the pops and wheezes of the radio are not a shadow of drum-fire. Not entirely the absence of the twin-technique of television. The psychological *sine qua non* of such burning minutes was wanting. The "real thing" of grand opera is to sit in a stall and to see and hear great artists play and sing *Fidelio*, grandly mounted. Radio war reporting is still but a reading of an English translation of the book of the opera in an arm-chair at home. As such, I doubt if it be yet worth the heroism and trouble and expense which it involves. War is too grand and terrible for peep-shows.

The Substance of Things Hoped For.—Before the House rose for the Easter Recess, General Eisenhower (who had every reason, which bitter experience can give, for making no rash prophecies and optimistic generalisations) declared to his Press conference that the German armies in the West were broken beyond repair; as with Humpty-Dumpty, all the king's horses and men could not put 'em together again; but the process of clearing up the mess—the yoke, the white and the shells—might well be long, arduous and expensive. The House also had good reason to believe from Mr. Churchill's appearance and *obiter dicta* that General Eisenhower's survey of the battlefield east of the Rhine and the "order of battle" coincided with his own. The nation, therefore, felt justified in enjoying an Easter holiday like none which it has known since 1939, or earlier still. Hope and confidence danced with the daffodils. For if the Allies' hammer in the West has achieved so much and is poised to achieve so much more, what of its Eastern hammer? In retrospect and prospect, in achievement and in potentiality, the Red Armies are as a steam hammer to a croquet mallet. God forbid that by such a simile I should underrate the immensity, the sheer power, the unparalleled efficiency of the fighting machine of the Western allies. I think only in terms of figures, of divisions involved and of lengths of front. If the Nazi machine in the West has cracked, what sort of crack awaits it in the coming weeks or days between the Baltic and the Balkans? The war has gone on so long, set-backs have come so often and so unforeseen, hope has been so bitterly deferred, that it requires proof positive and doubly proven to woo back our confidence that the end is really in sight. But *this* time Eisenhower's words have hit our last doubts for six. We cannot choose but believe. We need not fear to hope. Our faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the evidence of things seen by our leaders.

And Holland?—I pore over my map from my professorial chair of strategy and I wonder how North Holland is affected by Montgomery's new drive. From the Frisian Islands to the Dutch Rhine the Germans are in occupation still. Most of Holland is in tortured slavery, and from these territories V weapons rain down on parts of Britain. Northern Holland looks to me to possess No. 1 priority claim to emancipation, even ahead of the Westphalian and Ruhr approaches to Berlin. To what extent is Montgomery's present advance an indirect approach to this No. 1 priority? No master of strategy gives us much, if any, light. Holland is rarely mentioned. As I see it from my small-scale map, the Germans still in Holland (they are fewer than they were) have been mainly fed and nourished by two great railway systems, Berlin-Hanover - Osnabruck - Utrecht and Cologne-Arnhem-Utrecht. Münster and Osnabruck are bottlenecks in these systems. The Hamburg - Bremen-Groningen system feeds the extreme north directly. Of the central routes, the Cologne system is long since lost. It is doubtful if the Münster and Osnabruck bottlenecks were easy going even before the great preparatory air smash. Riverways remain available, only indirectly and to the north. The German garrisons in North Holland must already be greatly embarrassed, and their supply problems strained to the utmost. How long can they hang in the air, as Montgomery advances east? Where were (or are) the factories which sent them V bombs? And, finally, why has the garrison in North Holland never been mentioned as a possible threat to the left flank of Montgomery's invading hosts? They possess free passage eastwards (save for our air campaign of destruction and obstruction), and their right flank is protected by the north bank of the Dutch Rhine. These are elementary speculations of one amateur, and I should welcome a fireside talk by some professor who can make all these matters plain to me. For it is not to be supposed that Eisenhower has altogether allowed Holland to slip from his mind while his eyes are on Berlin. But of late, I note, the professors of strategy have been banished from the air; like the Luftwaffe. . . .

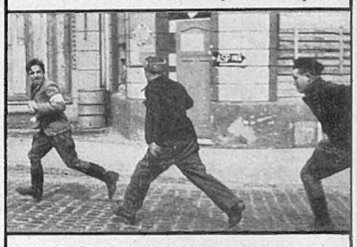
A Meteor Fades.—When great men die, great men praise them to the skies. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum; omne pro magnifico.* That is fit and proper. Lloyd George was a riddle and a paradox, as I suppose are all versatile men who have qualities that approach to genius. F.-M. Smuts ranked him with Chatham and Churchill. If he is right, Lloyd George, as a war leader, started from *scratch*, and on that account was of the three the greatest marvel of his age. He was ever a fighter; he loved a fight. Few men have been more abused and even hated; few great men have died more popular, more beloved. Dreamer and demagogue, he made his dreams, or some of them, come true by sheer administrative ability and inexhaustible pluck and drive. A branded pacifist, he threw his soul into the winning of war; one might almost say *sold* his soul, for he became a Juggernaut and showed none of Churchill's loyalty to colleagues and military chiefs. Men counted with him for nothing in attaining that overriding and supreme objective. He spent his sharpest barbs of satire on the aristocracy, and lived to head his notepaper with an Earl's coronet. He displayed an astonishing ignorance of farming and lived to make farming pay handsomely. He went out to redistribute wealth and to throw scorn on capitalists, and he amassed a large fortune. In all things he got as good as he gave Few men in the public eye possessed in higher degree the elusive power to charm. King Edward VII., George Wyndham, had it; the one was helped by a crown, the other by good looks and a romantic halo. Lloyd George exercised his power to charm with none of the usual or tangible aids. I am sure he will be an immortal in our history books. His life and its paradoxes prove to me that the one thing a man should never waste his time in justifying is his *consistency*. To prove that is to prove that one was born dead. Lloyd George was born very much alive and lived alive, and will live vividly on now that he is dead. A meteor has passed from the sky, leaving a bright trail.

Juan in . . . Switzerland.—Exiled Kings and Pretenders most certainly know more than you or I of the pulse-beats political of their own countries. They have their exits and their entrances, their agents and spies. Of all distressed countries in Europe, the political heart-beats of Spain are probably the most difficult to gauge. Franco is certainly in a difficult pass. But the plight of Spain before Franco's intervention was nothing to look back on with longing, and there is the horrible dilemma that Franco's pro-Nazi but otherwise rather adroit pilotage may be better than the return of the Spanish Habsburgs or the years between Monarchy and Francoism, or both conjoined. Myself I believe that absolutely constitutional Monarchy is still by far the best form of constitution for nations by temperament and tradition trained and educated to it. The British and Scandinavian races, the Dutch, perhaps the Belgian. The Mediterranean races, the Balkan States, have, generally speaking, neither tasted constitutional monarchy nor shown an aptitude for the monarchial constitution. Some of their records in that line indeed have been dingy and deplorable. The Habsburg dynasty preserved too long the mental processes and prejudices of Charles I. Like him, the most liberal and enlightened among them were fossilised by their fossil entourages. Spain is a curious *mélange* of the extreme Left and the extreme Right, Communism and Toryism *in excelsis*. Don Juan, by all accounts, has shed a great deal of his ancestral notions. He has been called a Liberal prince. A bold prince I am sure he is, if he be out to grasp the crown his gallant but ill-advised father laid aside—an uneasier crown is "going a-begging" nowhere, not even in those Balkans. I think, too, his manifesto is rather embarrassing to, and ill requites the hospitality of, a little country hedged in by warring elements, and very anxious to preserve her neutrality and to keep out of trouble.

The End of Summer?—A peck of March dust is all very well for agriculture. He would be a churl who groused at the past weeks' record of divine weather. It has blessed our arms and blessed our farms. It has sowed the seeds of final victory and vital food. None the less, our English weather—summer, halcyon days—is strictly rationed, and there is always a danger that if June turns up in March, March may get its own back in May, June, July and August. Our summer has come before the swallow dares. Man is never long satisfied. Only the other day we were grousing about the wet and soggy state of the countryside. Now we need rain badly. The snows of the cold snap—which was a record of rigour!—have not yet penetrated to our wells, and many of them are run almost dry, after a succession of drought years. What horrid records of rain ahead can now fill our wells again this side of Christmas? I hope for a sunlit summer, but I don't expect it. And I greatly fear that not all the waters which Jupiter Pluvius may have in hand for us will fill our wells It may be a case of "water, water everywhere nor any drop to drink"! But sufficient unto the day. . . .

THE OLD STAGER

1—Two of the Russians recognise an old enemy in the German policeman and snatch away his bicycle



2—Having lost his bicycle, the German policeman takes to his heels, with the Russians in hot pursuit

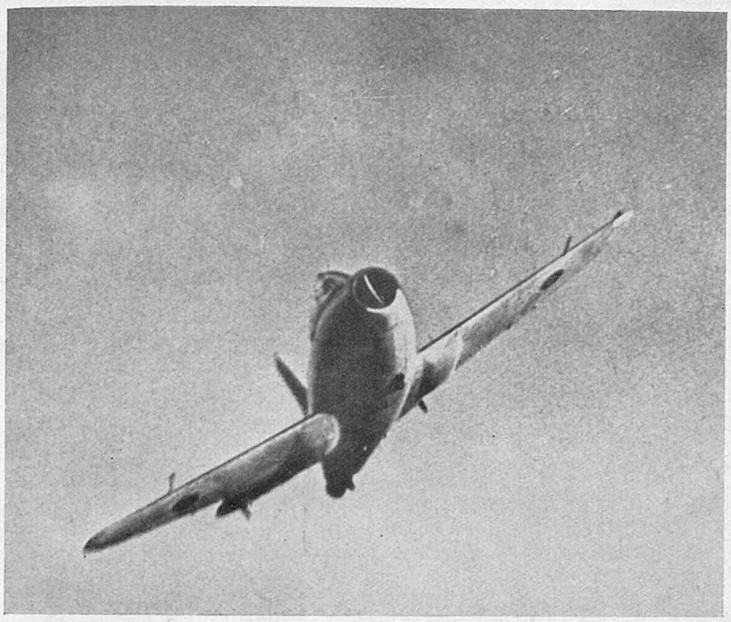
3—The German is caught and a battle of fisticuffs takes place, while other civil police arrive on the scene

4—The civilian police are chased away by the Russians; one is seen running with his bicycle, while another Russian heaves a brick

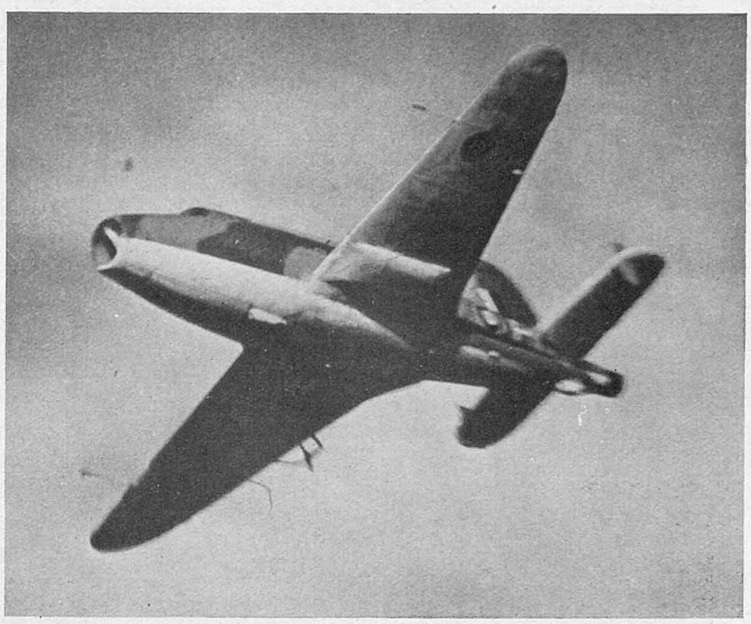
5—Back to the battle. Another Russian wipes off his score by hitting a German with a bag

6—An American Major steps in and finally quells the fight—with one of the Russians still determined to get in the last blow

CINEMA SCENE IN BONN: Released by the Allies after three years of slave labour, four Russians spotted a German civil policeman appointed by the Military Government. They recognised him as a former overseer in a forced-labour factory where they had been employed. Remembering their treatment and seeking revenge, one attacked him. When other German civil police attempted to stop the fight, the other Russians joined in, to turn the struggle into a free-for-all



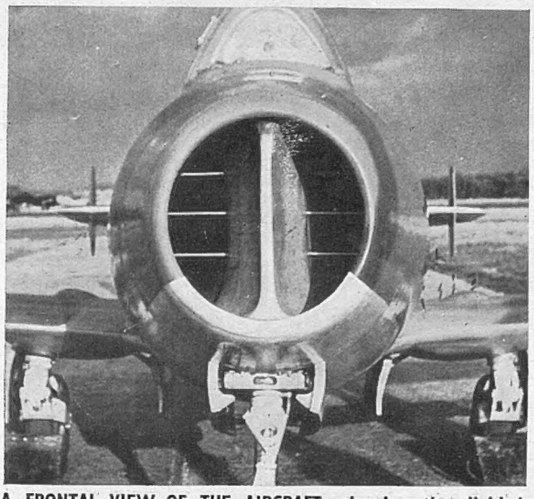
THE GLOSTER-WHITTLE JET-PROPELLED AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT —a view from beneath the plane



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE JET-PLANE, showing the air intake in front. Note the absence of propeller

TWO MORE WAR SECRETS REVEALED

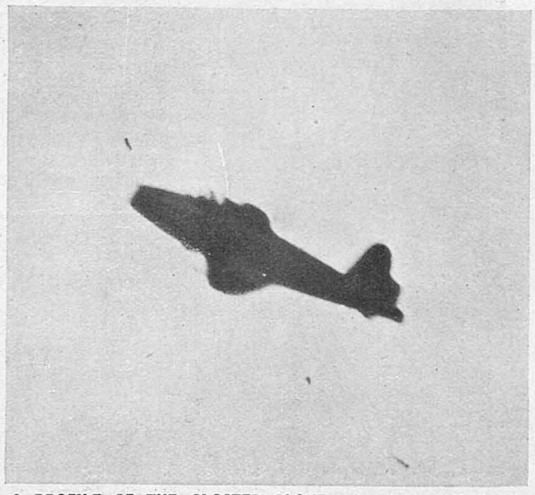
The British Jet-Plane and the Merchant Aircraft-Carriers



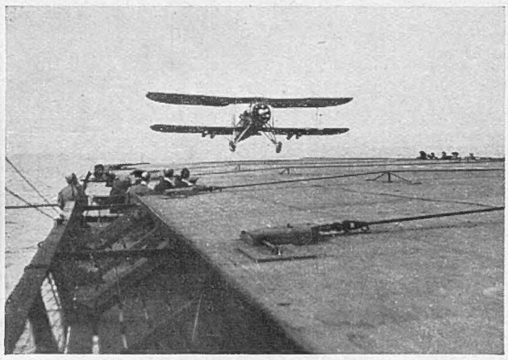
A FRONTAL VIEW OF THE AIRCRAFT, showing the divided air intake in the nose

The four official photographs reproduced here are the first to be released of the new Gloster jet-plane, the E 28/29. Construction of this aircraft began in 1940, and the first flight took place on May 15, 1941. It is a small, low-wing monoplane, with a single fin and rudder: owing to the absence of a propeller, a short tricycle undercarriage has been installed, the nose wheel retracting backwards after take-off.

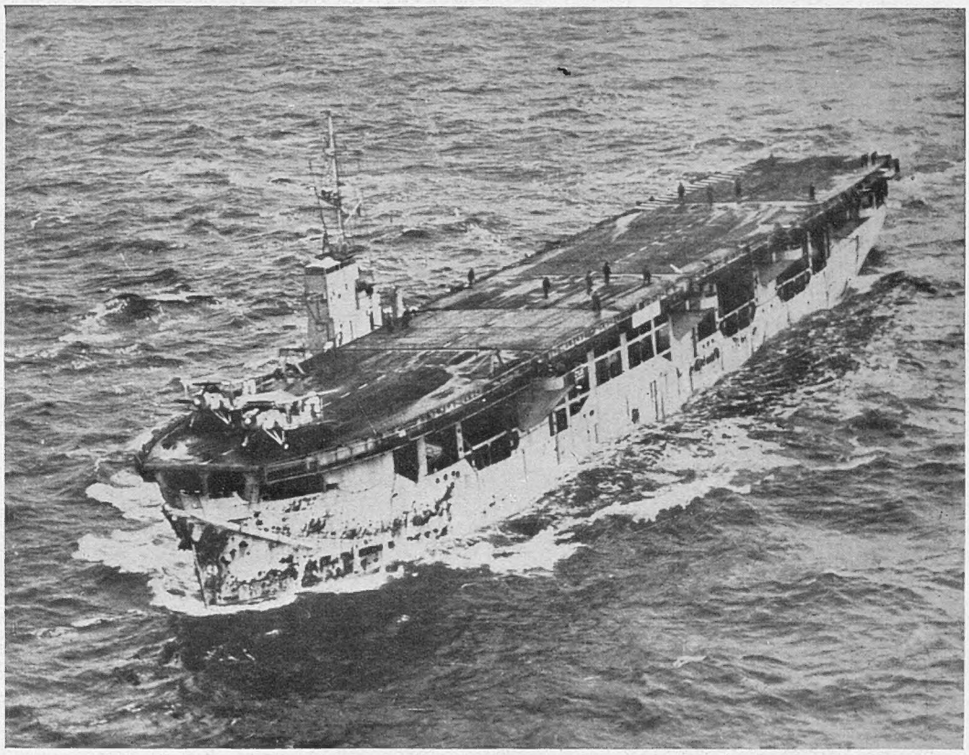
The plane is operated by gas turbine: air is taken in through the divided orifice in the nose and ejected through the extreme tail of the aircraft. Its speed and climb are terrific. "Squirt" planes of this type are now in operational service over Europe.



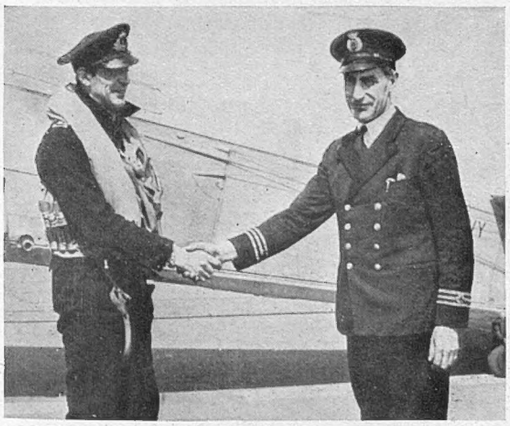
A PROFILE OF THE GLOSTER PLANE, showing a distinctive silhouette in the air and climbing rapidly



A SWORDFISH OF THE FLEET AIR ARM about to land on the deck of the Merchant Aircraft-Carrier "Empire Macalpine," showing the arrester gear



BRITAIN'S MERCHANT AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS: A VIEW OF THE "ANCYLUS," as seen from the air



THE FIRST PILOT TO LAND A NAVAL AIRCRAFT on the deck of a merchant ship: Lieutenant (now Acting Lieut.-Commander) R. W. Slater, O.B.E., D.S.C. (on left), with the Chief Officer of the Merchant Aircraft-Carrier "Empire Macalpine"

Only a few days ago was the news released that, during the most critical period of the Battle of the Atlantic, a number of British merchant ships were equipped with flight decks for the launching and landing-on of aircraft which were carried as defensive armament. These ships, known as Merchant Aircraft-Carriers (or M.A.C. ships), are unique in naval history in that they combine the functions of laden merchantmen with those of miniature escort carriers. Their original purpose was to provide air cover both for themselves and for other vessels in the 500-mile gap in the Atlantic, which was at that time outside the range of shore-based aircraft. The Fleet Air Arm pilots operating from M.A.C. ships have had to face many difficulties. Even the largest of them is considerably smaller than the smallest aircraft-carrier, and in one case pilots have had a flat space of only 400 ft. from which to take off and on which to land

The CROSSING of the RIVER RHINE

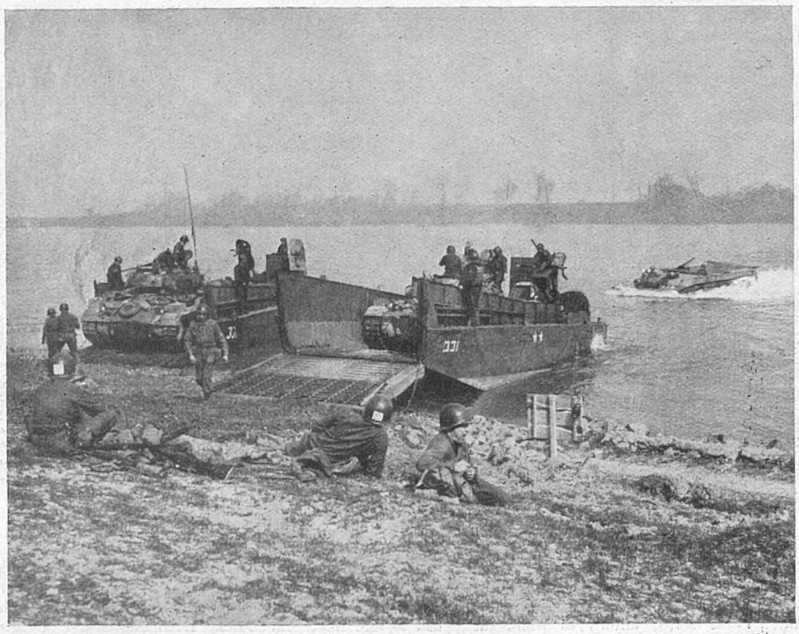
By the Allied Armies on March 24

A STREAM OF SUPPLIES AND PERSONNEL OF THE NINTH ARMY CROSSING ONE OF THE BRIDGES after the assault troops had faithfully performed their allotted tasks. The bridges were laid over pontoons and bore an incredible amount of traffic of all kinds. Much of the material had been assembled at Antwerp and had been screened from enemy observation on the way to the fron

Out of the mass of pictures taken during the course of March 24, we have selected those reproduced here to illustrate the manner in which the great river barrier to the very heart of Germany was pierced by the Allied Armies.

For the task a volume of equipment had been assembled such as has never before been witnessed in the history of warfare. In addition to the river crossing, Allied paratroopers descended on the east bank of the river in great droves. This aspect of the operation is illustrated, as a separate subject, on pages 6-7 of the present issue.

THE GUNS CROSS THE RHINE OVER A BRIDGE WHICH HAD BEEN BUILT I THE RECORD TIME OF 6½ HOURS. The width of the river, and t consequent magnitude of the Engineers' task, is well brought out i this picture. Note the diversity of the equipment, which includ a big and heavy bulldozer



ON THE EAST BANK OF THE RIVER: Landing-craft (secretly brought up from the base) discharge their load of tanks after having successfully negotiated the wide stream. The "build-up" on the east bank was very rapid indeed

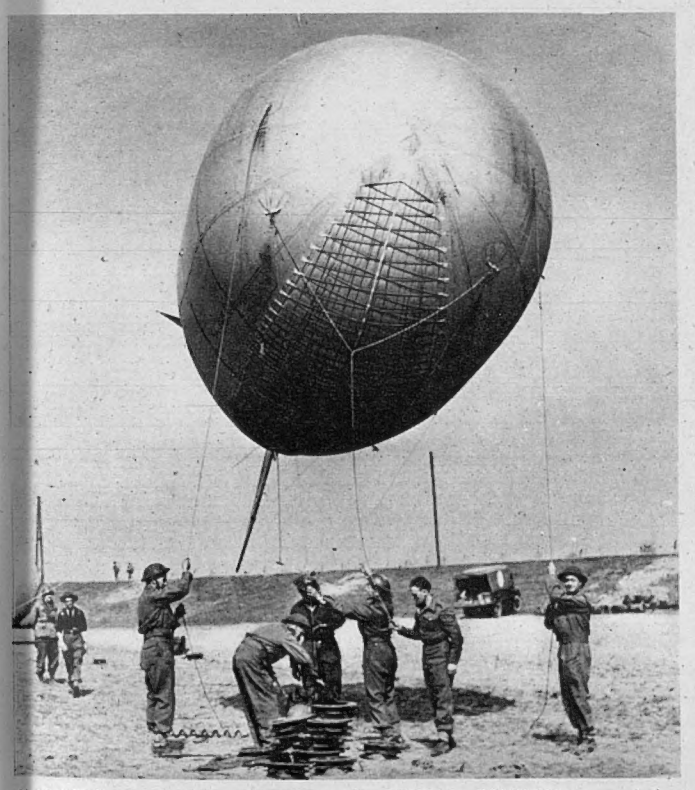
ANOTHER METHOD OF TRANSPORTING THE HEAVIER MATERIAL: A tank about to be ferried across on a floating Bailey Bridge, using a sm outboard craft as the motive power

FIRST ACROSS THE GREAT RIVER: BRITISH INFANTRY LAND ON THE EAST BANK. Men of a Scottish Division, led by a corporal, leave their assault craft and double up the bank to their assembly point

AFTER THE BRITISH HAD CROSSED IN STRENGTH: The men prepare their first meal in hastily-constructed slit trenches. They then went on to consolidate a bridgehead some 30 miles long

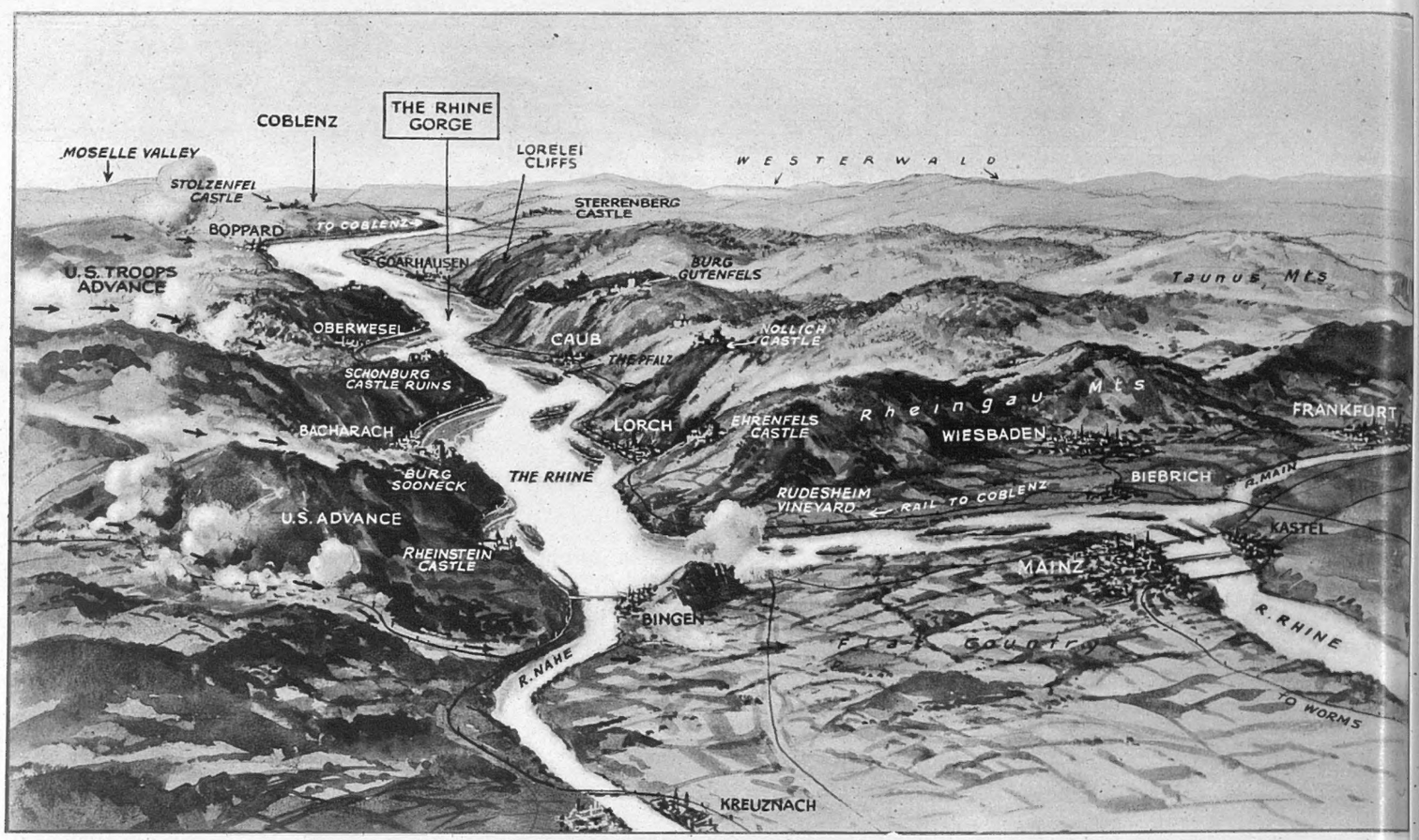
DUG-IN UNDER COVER OF THE RIVER BANK, British troops await the order to move on deeper into Germany on the morning of March 24. Soon afterwards they linked up with the U.S. Ninth Army, thus establishing a continuous Twenty-first Army Group bridgehead seven miles deep

EAST OF THE RHINE: German prisoners who threw away their arms and equipment and walked towards the British soldier on the right with white flags



"BLIMP" BALLOONS MANNED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS are being placed in position to prevent jet-plane attacks. General Eisenhower specially asked for these useful devices

GERMAN WOUNDED ARE BROUGHT BACK ACROSS THE RHINE for transference to hospital. The landing craft in which they have been placed had previously ferried Allied troops and equipment across. German "walking wounded" acted as medical orderlies



Above—**HOW THE AMERICAN ARMY PRESSED FORWARD TO THE RHINE between Coblenz and Bingen, to reach the famous "RHINE GORGE" of legend and history, on their way to the great city of Mainz**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE APPROACH TO THE RHINE

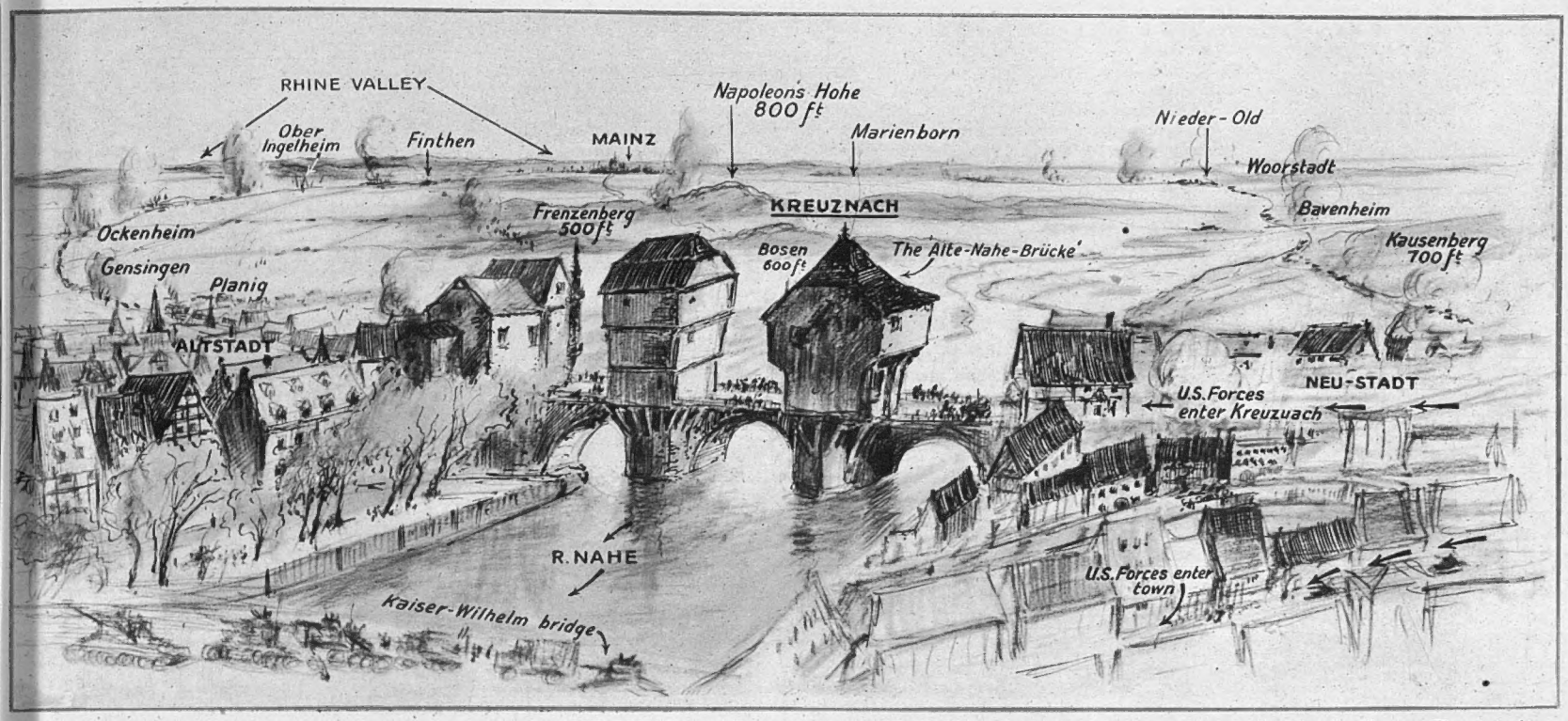
The American Operations which Preceded the Main Crossings by Montgomery's Army

—Special Sphere Drawings of the "Rhine Gorge," Remagen and Kreuznach

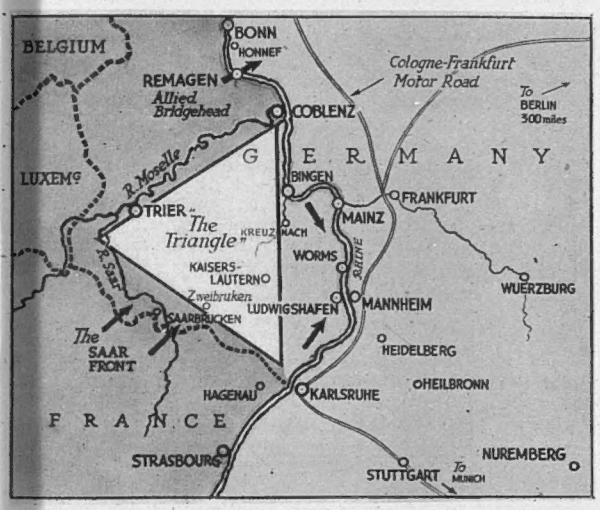
The Third Army's advance, after the penetration of the Moselle-Coblenz area, took them to the famous, wooded, castle-crowned heights of the "Rhine Gorge," where once, according to legend, the Lorelei maidens sang. Bingen and Oberwesel were captured on the same day. The former town lies at the point of junction of the Nahe River with the Rhine. This second river obstacle was rapidly crossed and the U.S. forces pressed eastwards across the Bingen Plain. Here fleeing German convoys making in the direction of Mainz were heavily punished from the air. Kreuznach was captured after some stiffish fighting, and the U.S. forces pressed on, both in an easterly and north-easterly direction—for below Bingen the Rhine makes a noticeable turn almost due east. And here the character of the country alters altogether. No longer does the Rhine wind among wooded or vine-yard-clad hills, but wide, open stretches of flat country extend for considerable distances on each side of the great river. The armoured American columns thrust through this type of country

Below—**FROM THE REMAGEN BRIDGEHEAD the American forces on the east bank of the Rhine break through to the great, six-way motor highway, at the same time widening the bridgehead**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The building of *autobahns* by the enemy has demonstrated two things—the high-speed motorway has given him great mobility while these were in his possession; but when the tables have been turned and they have come into our hands the position has been reversed sadly for the Germans. This occurred on the high ground above the Remagen bridgehead. Working their way up through winding roads, U.S. troops eventually clambered up on to the high ground through which runs the Cologne-Frankfurt highway. This is a super-*autobahn* with six carriage-ways. Once in possession, the American forces were able to press both northwards and southwards, in spite of the intercourses of the Sieben Gebirge country. The enemy was reported to have brought some panzer divisions down to the Remagen bridgehead area, but the move evidently came too late. First, the bridgehead was reported to run 18 miles from north to south and to be 8 miles deep. At the opening of the great offensive by Montgomery, it measured 33 miles in length and 10 miles in breadth



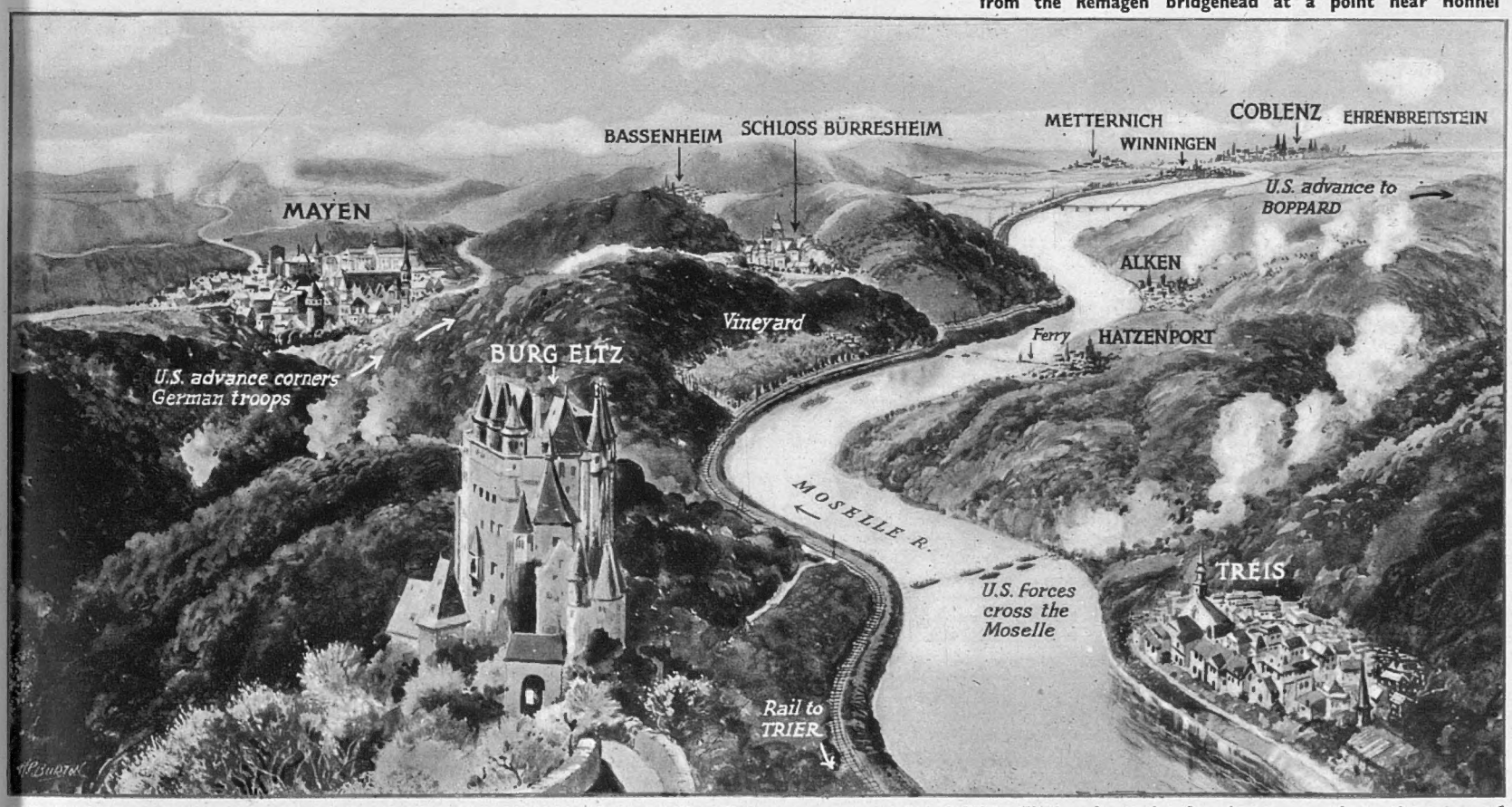
THE SECOND STAGE IN THE ADVANCE TO THE RHINE after the crossing of the Moselle River. The Americans press forward to the Nahe and cross that river at Kreuznach, by way of its historic bridge. Just beyond Kreuznach the German columns were heavily strafed from the air—*Drawing by Percy Home*



"THE TRIANGLE," formed by a line from Trier through Coblenz and Karlsruhe, with the River Rhine to the east. This was a "killing area" for General Patton

After the crossing of the Moselle the American forces were able to force the Germans from position after position, till the second river, the Nahe, was reached. This flows by a winding course into the Rhine at Bingen : about midway in its course lies the ancient town of Kreuznach. The fleeing enemy columns hurried southward across this second river, but they did not succeed in escaping very heavy punishment from the air. In fact, it would appear that the destruction of Nazi armour was heaviest in this area. The Germans did not put up any serious fight in the town, but streamed out eastwards towards the Rhine. Although four bridges had been blown at Mainz, three might be still standing upstream towards Mannheim. The ancient street of Kreuznach (or Kreuznach Bad, as it is sometimes called because it possesses a medicinal stream) became full of Americans, and the mopping-up of some of the detached bodies of Germans proceeded. The old bridge here carries some ancient houses with overhanging upper storeys : it is one of the most picturesque of its kind in Western Germany. Mainz could now be reached by roadways to the left or to the right. The intervening area is broken by two or three ridges of hills rising to heights from 500 to 800 ft. One of the highest is known as Napoleon's Hohe. The road to the left runs in a north-easterly direction through Ockenheim and Ober Ingelheim to the Rhine. The road to the right goes by way of Bavenheim

A VIEW OF THE GREAT MOTOR HIGHWAY from the Ruhr to Frankfurt after it had been cut by First Army troops from the Remagen bridgehead at a point near Honnef



THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER MOSELLE BY GENERAL PATTON'S THIRD ARMY : The picturesque castle of BURG ELTZ, where the Americans crossed to the town of Treis, and then pushed on farther to the east up to the River Rhine—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

After the rapid capture of Trier a movement northwards was made to clear German troops from the left bank of the Moselle, the first river barrier in the great Rhine advance. The Third Army pushed up parallel with the winding river, so famous for its vineyards, and reached and captured Mayen, a town of medieval towers and turrets. A wide German motor highway helped the Americans. But a still more urgent task lay towards the right—the Moselle had to be crossed. This was accomplished, first, at a point a few miles south-west of Coblenz, where the troops had to descend through densely-wooded hills to the left bank of the Moselle. Towering above them was the castle-château of Eltz. As the Americans have been pushing forward into Germany, they have become accustomed to seeing castles perched on mountain peaks, often backed by great forests—the medieval strongholds of the local landowners. But of all these picturesque relics of the past, none is more beautiful than Burg Eltz. This "jewel of a castle" is said to have no superior in the whole of Germany. It stands high above the little river, perched on a small ledge of rock and looking incredibly romantic with its vast background of forest. The narrowness of the foundation forced the builder to erect very tall buildings with high-pitched roofs

OCCUPYING the NORTH-WEST GERMAN "WASTE LAND"

A Problem of the Not-Too-Distant Future, When Britain Takes Over Her Share of the Occupation

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT may not be long before Field-Marshal Montgomery's forces find themselves spread far across North-Western Germany, allotted zone for Britain's share in the Occupation. Mr. Roosevelt has told how an American supply corridor will cross the British area "to the sea at Bremen." Of course, Crerar's Canadians will be along too—though probably not for long, if the acute anxiety to get home manifested by Dominion troops in 1919 be any criterion. North-West Germany is going to be our headache: its problems and grimness have got to be tackled overwhelmingly from these islands.

Report has said that the British Zone will include everything north of a line drawn from the Ruhr, through Brunswick, and on to the Elbe midway between Hamburg and Berlin. Should this prove to be correct, then we shall have pretty well flattened in advance every city or town of any size situated in the region where a British Army of Occupation will have to make its home for years indefinite. Had all been left standing, there would not have been more than one or two places worth a hoot: Hamburg, the smaller ports, and perhaps Hanover. North-West Germany used to be a damp and depressing place at the best of times.

he could not guarantee the future course of events unless something were done.

We need have no qualms about the troops being well fed until the end of the Occupation. But when I see these official warnings to the German people that they have got to feed themselves, I cannot help thinking of the effect on our men, even to-day, should they be unable to do so. The proper thing would be for Civil Affairs (if they had the staff) to exercise a strict hold over all food stocks hoarded or filched by the Germans, and to ration the latter on the calory basis of the liberated countries. Tommy would be all for slimming Germans, even drastically. It is also the quickest and surest way to make them sing another tune, no other people being so stomach-vulnerable.

This food crisis was one aspect of the trouble. For a spell Soviet Councils existed within the Army, spokesmen of the troops who made demands and

LEARNING—FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MODERN HISTORY—WHAT WAR IS ALL ABOUT! This picture was taken in Kaiserslautern, one of the chief towns of the Saar industrial region, after it had been entered by the Americans. The civilians in one quarter had been ordered out, to make way for the incoming Allied troops, and here they are seen moving out their belongings. This is the first time that war has reached these people: hitherto they had heard of other nations being rooted up, and of millions of homeless families wandering about Europe. Now they are experiencing these things for themselves. Some of the Germans were not "very gracious about being put out of their homes," it is reported: but others were thankful that the battles had passed them by so swiftly

The spectacle now is of it wrecked and peopled by Germans who need not be hostile to be disliked. These North-Westerners have long been a byword for boorishness even among other Germans.

Strictly admonished not to fraternise, with nowhere to go outside Forces' places, and maybe, into the bargain, "nervy" under surreptitious attack, the British Occupation Army (B.O.A., an improvement on B.L.A.) is going to need sympathetic treatment. Occupying this ruined and disgraced Germany will be an ordeal for the occupiers no less than for the occupied, and we may be sure the Nazis have taken the fact thoroughly into consideration. Our men will need careful handling, and they will need it from the first. For it is clearly sense to regard the Occupation as falling into a preliminary and a later period, each of which will present different problems, the later period, let us hope, less difficult ones.

If a victorious British Army could get fed-up in double-quick time in a brilliantly-lit, unscathed Cologne, replete with beer-halls and concerts and shops, and with "Fräuleins" easily winked down side-streets from "the Ober Strasse," one does not require to be a psychiatrist to diagnose what may happen among the deadly rubble-heaps of North-Western Germany. It is worth turning back to that past bother, if only because Mr. Churchill found the remedy for it. It set in after eight or nine weeks, after the initial newness of everything had worn off, and bloomers which Whitehall made twenty-six years ago are quite capable of being repeated to-morrow.

Bad rations were the beginning. The troops saw themselves deprived at a moment when England was almost visibly expanding on the strength of processional food-ships. The belief was that the Base beggars spent their time clamouring to be demobilised instead of getting on with their job, and what made things worse was the plight of the civilian population. Tommy had been, literally, feeding women and children out of his own mess-tin, and he hated having to pass it up, knowing, as he alone could, how women were ready to give themselves for a cake of soap or half a tin of bully. Presently the troops demanded that the civilians be fed, and General Plumer told the Peace Conference

witnessed these being met. Strikes were staged by the motor transport and the Army bakers, who got their hours reduced and their schedules for demobilisation advanced. The military authorities were inconsistent in meeting the situation. At first they decided that this damned "civilian" nonsense couldn't be tolerated for an instant ("Good Lord, rank mutiny; I'd shoot the swabs every time!") But riding the high horse was "napoo" in Cologne, and soon once-choleric Colonels were "regretting" this and "regretting" that. Miss Otis never regretted half as much, when the *mot d'ordre* came to be conciliation.

The troops responded, but they wanted more. Unpopular officers were sent home; special drinking-places for warrant officers and N.C.O.s were thrown open to all; and the troops could frequent civilian cafés. This last was the thin end of the wedge in regard to *spaziergehen* with Fräulein, which came to be winked at after a very few months.

But at rock-bottom was something else. There glowed the common determination to be demobilised ahead of the blighters at home or, for that matter, still in France and Belgium, especially the drafts that had come out after the cease-fire. The men were red-hot for getting back to that land fit for heroes before the other fellows snapped up all the jobs. What a hope! Leave every ten months seemed their only chance of seeing England, and that rankled for another reason. Officers got leave every three months. When leave parties were frozen to death in open trucks on the way to Boulogne, the German agents stepped in. They were called "Spartacists" or "Bolshies" in those days, and they somehow kept mentioning in our men's ears about those officers' leave trains and those deaths from cold. And the rations—worse than they used to be in the front line. And the cessation of promotion, the unfairness of awards and the mere supercilious boys given commissions. The pennies that went to the troops and the bloated pay and remuneration others received. The barrack tone at drill and training. And the jobs fast being filled in England—always that.

In the upshot, War Minister Churchill sent 18-year-olds to the Rhine to relieve those who had done the fighting.

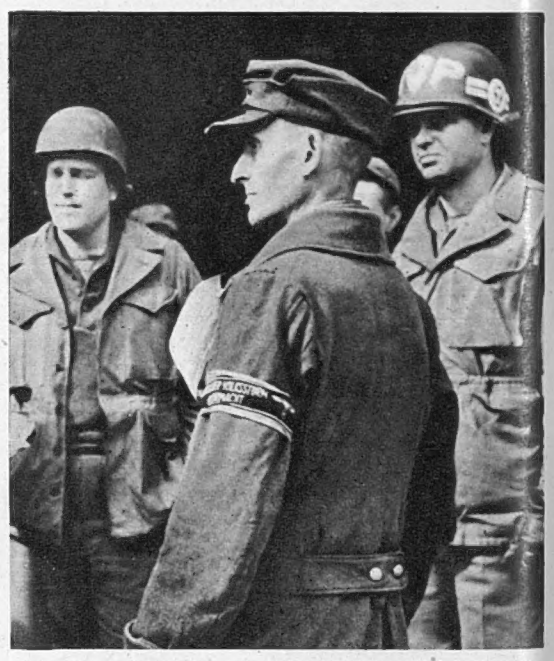
Mr. Bevin is presumed to have warded off the chance of any return of demobilisation trouble such as led a generation ago to mutiny at Havre, on the Horse Guards, and at Calais. And officers and men are on much more equal terms, over leave, pay and transport. On the other hand, fraternisation looks like being a thornier problem. And the whole dreary, desolate setting will cumulatively present a tougher problem than any encountered in 1919, while Nazi whispering should outstrip in cunning anything the "Spartacists" ever put over.

The end of a war to-day brings a tremendous anti-climax. The instinctive release is a light-headed abandon. A fat chance the B.L.A. will have amid the shambles and death-chill or equally hateful obsequiousness of the Ruhr, of Münster, Osnabrück, Hanover, Brunswick, Hamburg, Bremen, Bremerhaven, Hamm, Emden, Kiel, Lübeck, Oldenburg, and dozens of other ruined places. Week after week, month after month, the men who won will see no other landscape until the Germans slowly rebuild, which they should be encouraged to do, as the Russians intend to encourage them to rebuild Russia by a system of social and material inducements. For we are going to be a long time in North-West Germany, and the sooner the semblance of civilised surroundings reappear the better the chance of our sticking and winning the Occupation.

Responsible departments at home have quite surely got plans for winning the Occupation. The risk is that schemes and arrangements to alleviate B.O.A.'s lot materially and morally may drag out through an understandable tiredness and a less acceptable complacency. It mightn't be a bad idea to concentrate on an all-out plan of alleviation to cover, say, the first year and most of the primary needs of the Conscript Army awaiting demobilisation in its vast "waste land," and to treat separately and later the much-contracted military watching of the Germans by specialised ground and air forces, Regulars, upon whose shoulders will rest the bulk and balance of the Occupation. Their needs will be different and more easily met.

For the start, this guiding principle: the more of one's own country that can be transferred to the blighted scene, the better chance will there be of the Occupation fulfilling its purpose.

A Puritan accent on women gets one nowhere, and reminds me of Kitchener's injunction that none in the B.E.F. should have anything to do with women. There 'll always be a Fräulein. But if



THE TYPE OF MEN IN THE GERMAN VOLKSSTURM: The German in the foreground wears a uniform similar to that of the German Army; his arm-band bears the words "Volkssturm Wehrmacht," to distinguish him from the regular Nazi soldiery

that irks, then send out our women as cooks, orderlies, clerks, drivers, entertainers, nursing sisters, Unrra and welfare workers, wives and sweethearts. The more, the more efficient the show: one doesn't have to go to Burma to discover that men sag without women.

Young draftees replacing the longer-service men, relatively short spells of service in Germany, adequate leave while there, special pay, better Ensa, real films instead of the monopoly wish-wash of to-day, good beer, cheer, community centres comprising other things besides Butlin dance-palaces, and plenty of opportunity to engage the mind besides eternal sport and athletics, are some of the obvious aids towards winning the Occupation. A British Army of Occupation does not need to be "nannied"—there has been too much of that already. But it does need some of its own virile home life when surrounded by pie-faced Germans.

THE BERGHOF, IN THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS, which Hitler has made into his headquarters for his possible "last stand" against the Allies. Towering up in the background is the Hohe Göll, with its eyrie reached by a lift-shaft through the mountain—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

BERGHOF BELOW, HOHE GÖLL IN THE BACKGROUND: A photograph taken from the same viewpoint as shown in the drawing on the left. At the very peak of the summit is "Hitler's Eyrie." All about are the pine-trees of the beautiful Bavarian Mountains

A CLOSE-UP OF THE CHÂLET which Hitler is reputed to have designed himself. It is to this spot that the German Gauleiters were summoned a few days ago

HITLER'S LAST RETREAT?

The Mountain Fortress at Berchtesgaden, where the Führer Holds His "Mountain Court"

A few days ago, just after the Rhine crossing by Field-Marshal Montgomery's Army, it was announced that Hitler had called an "emergency meeting" of his Ministers and Gauleiters. And, of course, they were told to meet at Berchtesgaden, at the famous Berghof, or "Mountain Court," which the Führer has for many years made his headquarters. It is from this spot that he will direct his "last stand" operations in the German "Redoubt," after the collapse of the Wehrmacht—so many well-informed observers think.

This Berghof, designed from plans prepared by Hitler himself, has been built on a grassy mound beneath a spectacular peak of the Bavarian Alps, the Hohe Göll. Although the building appears to lie innocently, with a central châlet-like structure from which long wings extend to left and right, all is not as simple as it appears. The approach to the building from any direction is heavily guarded. The Berghof is only the outer entrance to the secret passage-way and lifts which connect it with the upper, rock-excavated rooms which have been tunnelled beneath the Hohe Göll, the strikingly-shaped peak shown towering above the Berghof in the above drawing.

THE GREAT CONFERENCE HALL OF THE BERGHOF from which Germany was governed before and during the war. It is here that Hitler's conferences with Ministers and Gauleiters are held, and it is from here that Hitler will probably issue orders for his "last stand"

A VIEW OF THE BERGHOF, lying on the slopes of the Bavarian Mountains and commanding a wonderful view over a scene of great natural beauty

BATTLE SCENES FROM THE WESTERN FRONT

Depicted in Special Drawings by *Sphere* Artists

THE BRIDGING OF THE RHINE BY THE TANKS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES—A DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS OPERATION IN ITS EARLIER STAGES. Enemy aircraft attempt to bomb the pontoon bridge out of existence, whilst Allied aircraft engage them in combat and drive them off—*Drawing by Roland Dawes*

The contested crossing of a wide river such as the Rhine is not a light undertaking. Apart from the railway bridge at Remagen, all the permanent structures across the river were blown by the retreating Germans: therefore, our heavy equipment and armour had to be taken across over pontoon bridges, often under heavy fire and in despite of a fairly swift current, which did not ease the engineers' task. The drawing above shows another grave danger to be expected during such an operation—the attack on the bridge by enemy aircraft after the engineers have successfully accomplished their task. The F.W.190s have already scored a near-miss on the bridge when Spitfire fighters, expecting just such an attempt, engage them and drive them off. It is not claimed for our drawing that it represents any specific Rhine crossing, but the equipment shown in it was actually used by the American forces for the bridging of the Roer

WASHING DAY BEHIND THE SIEGFRIED LINE: Isolated units of the advancing British troops in Germany must, of course, fend for themselves. It is not possible to ask, or allow, the German civilians to do their washing, for instance. This is how the problem was solved for the cameramen of an Army Film Unit in the front line—by their jeep driver, who obligingly turned washerwoman for the nonce

RETURNING FROM THE FRONT LINE FOR A REST. Men of a County Regiment march back to billets for a well-earned spell after having held a section of the line at the northern end of the Western Front in Germany. They belong to Field-Marshal Montgomery's Second Army

ARTILLERY OF GENERAL CRERAR'S CANADIAN ARMY ENGAGING THE ENEMY OVER OPEN SIGHTS. The all-purpose Bofors gun is used either against land targets or as an anti-aircraft weapon: for the latter purpose it is usually mounted on a Crusader chassis (as indicated in this drawing). In this form, the Bofors can also be used for the protection of Allied supply columns on the road—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When a section of the Western Front is fully alive, with an important and difficult advance being undertaken, all arms are called upon to play a part. Guns of every kind come into play, from the light and fast mobile guns to the heaviest units of artillery. Whereas the big guns cannot be uprooted from their fixed emplacements in a few minutes, the light Bofors may be in action anywhere and everywhere. They may be firing over open sights at enemy strong-points, or rushing alongside advancing supply columns to give protection during a Luftwaffe attack. It is the uncertainty of these air attacks which makes the presence of the anti-aircraft Bofors, mounted on speedy Crusader chassis, necessary. In this drawing the Bofors is seen operating in both capacities. In both, the gun consumes a tremendous amount of ammunition, so rapid is its fire, and the ground surrounding it becomes quickly strewn with scores of empty shell-cases

HOW THE ALLIED FORCES ADVANCE THROUGH CAPTURED GERMAN TOWNS AND VILLAGES: The tanks go through first, to give protection to the infantry engaged in clearing out snipers and grenade-throwers left behind in the buildings and houses—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When the enemy has no time for mine-laying, or when the nature of the village or city streets does not permit of this operation being carried out, the Germans usually leave behind them numbers of snipers and grenade-throwers to hold up the speed of the advancing Allied forces. A technique has now been evolved for dealing with this situation expeditiously and with a minimum of casualties. Strongly-armoured tanks go through first: behind them, and sheltering behind their bulk, come the infantry. As enemy strong-points are encountered, they are reduced by the guns of the tank, and the snipers ensconced within are then routed out by the infantry. In this reconstruction of a scene in the town of Andernach, men of the Eleventh Armoured Division of the U.S. Third Army are seen at work. A German sniper has fired from the building on the left, and an infantryman behind the leading tank has spotted him and "written him off"

THE CAPTURE OF MANDALAY

Pictures from the Burmese Theatre of War

Where the Fourteenth Army is Heavily Punishing the Japanese

Driving from the north, troops of the 19th Indian Division smashed into the outskirts of Mandalay on March 8. By March 21 the biggest prize in the whole Burma war had been gained, with the fall of Fort Dufferin, which marked the end of Jap resistance in the former Burmese capital.

Fort Dufferin was the last, and main, Japanese stronghold: for nine days the battle raged around its immensely strong walls, until so many breaches had been made that the defenders were compelled to abandon it.

Swift action by British and Indian troops seems to have knocked the Japanese off balance and from many parts of the country come reports of their retirement before the threat of imminent encirclement.

THE BATTLE IN THE HEART OF MANDALAY: A direct hit on a Japanese petrol dump after an artillery bombardment—a scene during the nine-day struggle for possession of the Fort Dufferin area

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF SUPPLIES WERE DROPPED TO THE TROOPS FIGHTING IN MANDALAY by transport aircraft of the R.A.F.: This picture shows the stores being collected on the ground, while others are still being parachuted down. In the background is Mandalay Hill, commanding point of the whole battle area

THE MYITNGE BRIDGE, which crosses the river of the same name and which carries the main railway line from Mandalay to Rangoon, after it had been attacked by R.A.F. Thunderbolts

AN AIR PICTURE TAKEN OVER MANDALAY DURING THE BATTLE: The little white specks alongside the road leading into the city are parachutes. The first airborne supplies to the fighting men were dropped by Dakota aircraft of the American Combat Cargo Task Force of Eastern Air Command whilst the struggle for Fort Dufferin was still raging below

WAR SUPPLIES FOR CHINA ROLL OVER THE "STILWELL ROAD"—an American lorry and trailer are signalled on to take the turn into Chinese territory. In the lower left of this view is the junction of the Ledo Road with the old Burma Road, a few miles south of the China-Burma border The Ledo-Burma Road system, now renamed the "Stilwell Road," and the vital supply route from India was opened for traffic in late January 1945, after Japanese garrisons had been cleared from the area by American, Chinese and Burmese forces

PART OF THE ROAD IS CARVED OUT OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE: An American bulldozer is here seen at work at a spot where two oil-drums mark the route of the newly-completed supply road. In the background tower the peaks of the Burmese range of Kou Liang Kop Mountains. More than 600 miles of the road were built over some of the world's most difficult terrain. It starts at Ledo, in India: the first Allied convoy reached Kunming, in China, over the new road on February 4 1945

THE R.A.F. AT WORK ON A NEW AIRFIELD CLOSE TO THE JAPANESE LINES: This airstrip in Central Burma lies only a few miles from positions held by the enemy. The improvised "Control Tower" seen in the picture has been laid out on the ground, and is made of white cloth nailed to bamboo poles. The flying officer in the foreground is signalling by electric lamp to an aircraft coming in to land

BRITISH OFFICERS SERVING WITH THE SIKHS IN BURMA: They wear uniforms identical with those of their Indian colleagues—and beards! They belong to the 11th Battalion of the Sikh Regiment. From left to right are—Havildar Mahdo Singh, reporting to Major P. W. Wheeler, Major M. W. S. Hogh and Captain M. B. Flatau

WITH THE EAST AFRICAN TROOPS: *On left*—**Askaris collecting supplies dropped by parachute.** *On right*—**Parachutes in the forward areas are used for erecting wards and operation theatres.** East African troops of the Fourteenth Army have fought their way down the Gangaw Valley, captured Tilin, and then advanced southward to capture Seikpyu, on the west bank of the Irrawaddy just below Pagan. Seikpyu was taken during the week ending February 18. These two pictures were taken with the East African fighting troops in a Burmese forward area and along the supply lines leading to the rear

ASSAULT PONTOONS USED IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE for river crossings: After the heaviest air and land bombardment in this sector of the Burma Front, British and Indian troops of the 36th Division forced a crossing in assault craft over the Shweli River to Myitson early in February. The Shweli was the last river barrier to the 36th Division's advance into Central Burma, and the Japanese opposed the ferry crossing fanatically. British troops finally cleared the bridgehead on February 24, and patrols then pushed in from Myitson southwards to Mandalay

The War in the Far East

THE DEBRIS OF INVASION

As Seen on the Pacific Beaches After the Subjugation of Iwo-Jima

INVASION WRECKAGE LITTERS THE SHELVING BEACH after victory had been won by the Americans : This was the scene two days after the U.S. Marines had stormed ashore, and when it was known that success was to crown their efforts. Some idea of the stiff opposition put up by the Jap defenders is indicated by this picture of wrecked landing-craft lining the shore. When the Jap batteries had been knocked out around the slopes of Mount Suribachi, the American craft were able to unload their supplies and equipment with fewer casualties

AMERICAN SUPPLIES ROLL ASHORE AT IWO : Huge quantities of equipment litter the island beach only 750 miles from Tokyo ; landing-craft and ships of the Pacific Fleet nose towards the shore ; cranes at the water's edge facilitate quick unloading on to the island, which was once the scene of bitter fighting. From here, the Americans will now be able to press closer to the Japanese mainland

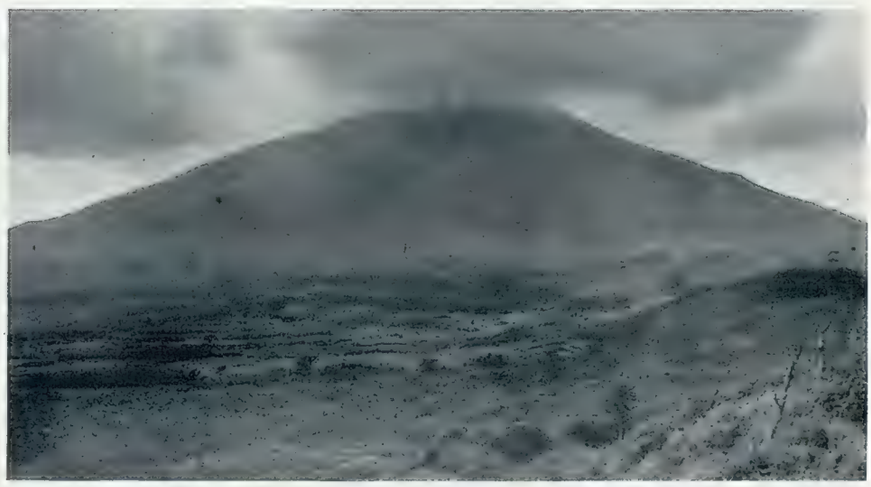
BOGGED-DOWN VEHICLES which never left the beach : The soft volcanic earth covering the island bogged down many of the mobile units as they went ashore in the early stages of the invasion. In the foreground is one of the Marines killed in the initial assault

HOW AMERICAN ARMOUR WAS BLASTED BY JAP SHELLS AS IT WENT ASHORE. These Amtracs and medium tanks belonging to the U.S. Marine Corps were hit by the enemy's artillery after they had been bogged down in the soft, black volcanic ash of Iwo-Jima. Marines are examining the litter for possible repair or salvage. The scene is on Blue Beach No. 1, where veterans of the 4th Division fought their way on to the island stronghold

THE BRITISH PACIFIC FLEET: SOME OF THE HEAVY CAPITAL SHIPS WHICH ARE NOW SERVING AGAINST THE JAPS IN EASTERN WATERS, as announced recently by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

"The Eastern Fleet now included, amongst other vessels, the battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant*, the battle-cruiser *Renown* . . ." declared Mr. Alexander, after having stated that we had been steadily massing forces for the Far East, with the great fleet of supply, accommodation, repair and amenity ships which they would require to sustain them. All three big ships mentioned by the First Lord are old vessels, the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* both having been built in 1913 and the *Renown* in 1916. All have been extensively reconstructed and modernised, however, and have carried out valuable services during the present war. The two battleships are of 35,000 tons displacement and carry a main armament of eight 15-in. guns. The *Renown*, of 37,400 tons, is armed with six guns of the same calibre. In the drawing above, *Queen Elizabeth* leads the way, with *Valiant* astern and *Renown* at the end of the line

AMERICAN RAID ON A JAP ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC: This Japanese freighter is burning amidships after it had been blasted by a fighter aircraft flown from a carrier during a raid on enemy vessels and installations in Naha Harbour, Okinawa—one of the Nansei Shoto group of islands. American pilots reported heavy damage to Jap shipping and buildings on shore



A JAPANESE ISLAND OUTPOST which was hit by American naval planes: Here is a view of the island of Hochijo, in the Izu group about 150 miles from Tokyo. It was bombed by carrier-based planes from Task Force 58. The island is believed to be the site of important radio installations and a weather station, as well as serving as a warning outpost to signal the approach of Super-Fortresses to the shores of Japan proper. Behind the big hill in the centre there is a naval air installation. This picture was made from the Barometric Observatory

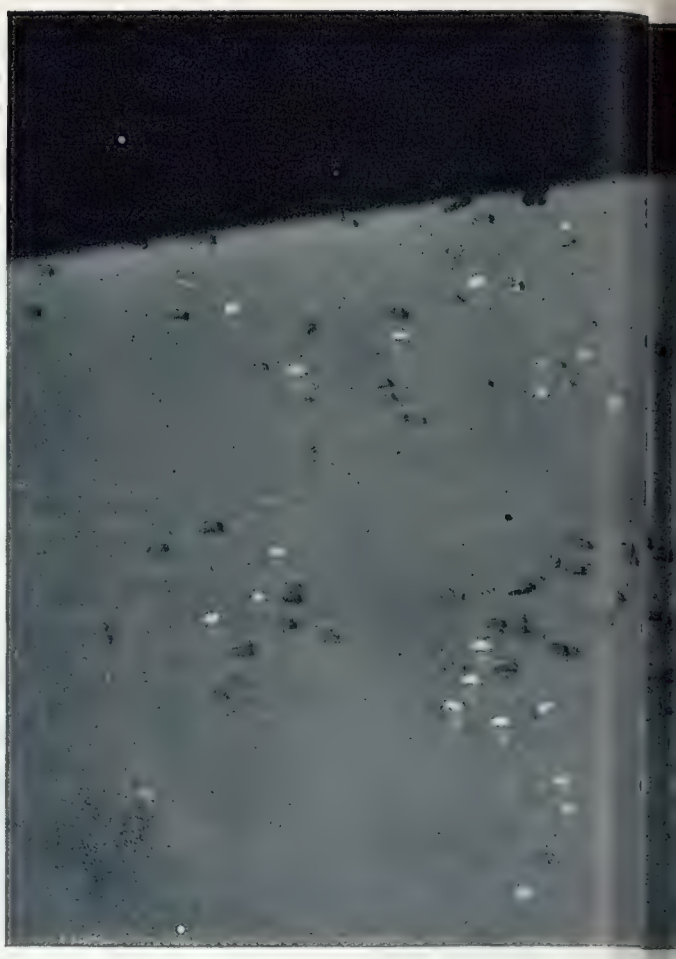
PART OF THE FLEET OF 800 SHIPS AT IWO lying off the island after the defeat of the Japs: Amtracs and other small landing-craft swarm near the shore: farther out transports and units of the American Navy may be discerned through the gathering haze

JAP VESSELS BLASTED IN THE CHINA SEAS: These two ships, caught as they lay near the entrance to Quinhon Harbour in French Indo-China, are under attack by carrier-based planes during a recent strike at the Asiatic mainland. A tower of water on its starboard bow marks a near miss on the small freighter nearest the camera: in the centre is another small merchantman which has been set afire. In the background is the French Indo-China coast, across the South China Sea from Mindora

The CAPTURE of WESEL

and the Great Airborne Landings

Pictures Taken During the Three Days, March 23—March 25



A BRITISH COMMANDO PATROL OF THE FIRST COMMANDO BRIGADE setting off to round up snipers in Wesel : The first of the surprise crossings of the Rhine took place at 10 p.m. on the night of March 23, when British Commandos went over in assault craft to prise open the "hinge" of the German line on the east bank. They crossed under a terrific barrage of 1,500 guns to form the spearhead of the British assault. By 2 a.m. their first objective, the major town of Wesel, was captured and 350 German prisoners taken. The German commander in Wesel, Major-General Deutsch, was killed

IN THE TOWN OF WESEL AFTER HAVING CROSSED THE RHINE : British Commandos manning machine-guns at the edge of a shell-crater. The capture of Wesel heralded the great British onslaught on the Germans east of the river

AFTER THE VIRTUAL OBLITERATION OF WESEL by a 1,500-gun barrage put down by the Allies : Commando patrols move up to wipe out the remaining German snipers and to bring in their haul of prisoners

MEN OF THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT, who crossed the Rhine on the afternoon of March 24 in support of the First Commando Brigade at Wesel, landing from Buffalo craft on the east bank of the river

SOME OF THE 350 GERMANS CAPTURED in the surprise assault on Wesel being marched off for internment. Their General was found to have been killed during the operation

THE AMAZING SCENE OVER GERMANY AS H-HOUR BROKE : ALLIED PARATROOPERS SHOWER DOWN FROM TROOP-CARRYING AIRCRAFT INTO THE REES-WESEL AREA. These men formed the spearhead of the British Second Army's Rhine crossing. The picture above was taken from a Flying Fortress photographic plane, which was the first aircraft to be shot down during this particular operation. Over 1,500 "Sky-train" aircraft flew the First Airborne Army troops into battle, to the number of 40,000 men. As soon as they had landed, they formed up for the capture of certain strategic points as assigned to them during briefing : later they joined up with the land forces after the most successful airborne operation of the whole war on the Western Front

TWO PICTURES TAKEN AFTER THE GLIDERS HAD LANDED : British troops of the famous 6th Airborne Division, carried in a glider train which stretched over 500 miles, landed east of the Rhine in wooded country north-west of Wesel. These two pictures, taken on March 25, show the scene after the gliders had landed and the troops had rushed into action. *On left*—A bunch of German prisoners are seen beside a crashed glider on the sidings of Hamminkeln Station. *On right*—Other gliders are seen between Rees and Wesel : in the distance a crashed aircraft is burning

HOW THE GLIDER TROOPS RALLIED, WITH THEIR EQUIPMENT ASSEMBLED, a few moments after they had been landed near Wesel. They have piled on to a carrier drawn by a jeep and are setting out for a dash into the burning town of Hamminkeln. They are still wearing their glider harness and they have already taken some German prisoners

THE IMPEDIMENTA OF WAR: BRINGING UP NAVAL CRAFT OF A SPECIALISED TYPE ON HUGE LORRIES FOR THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER RHINE; in the left foreground is a "prime mover" hauling big logs for road and constructional work behind the lines—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

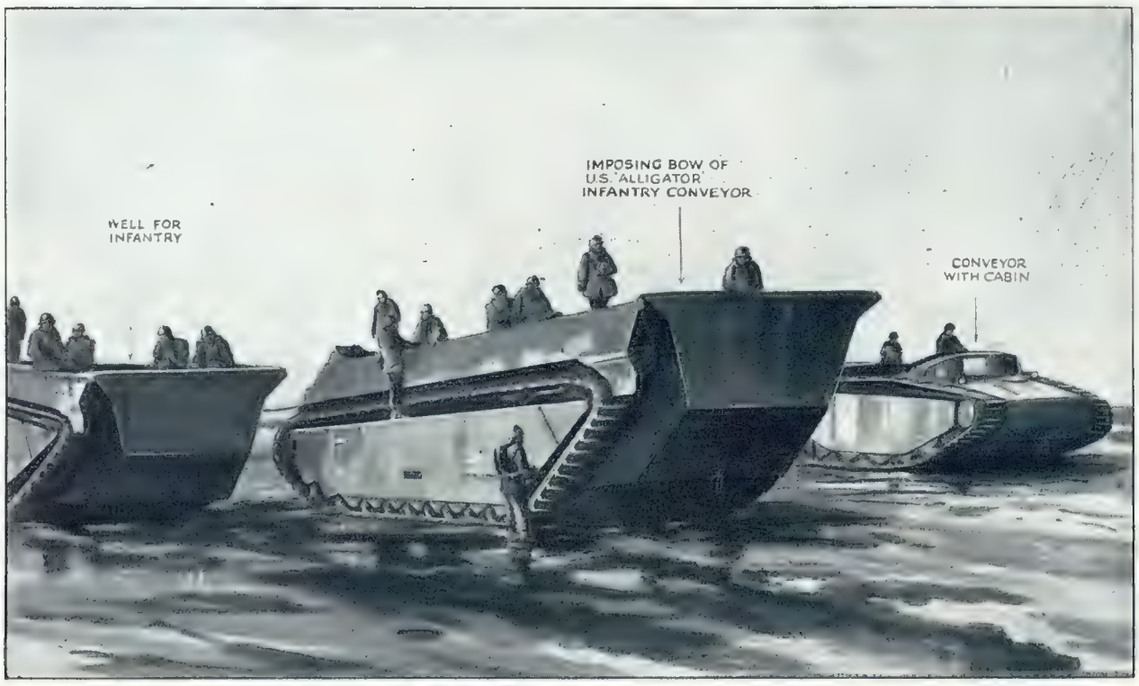
In all of the reports concerning the crossing of the Rhine by the British Army, correspondents have stressed the great diversity and colossal amount of Allied equipment used in the undertaking. One of the best-kept secrets was, however, the employment of American naval craft: owing to the grounding of the Luftwaffe and the erection of screens along certain roads near the Rhine, the Germans can have had little inkling of what was in store for them in this way. The craft seen in the drawing above were over 70 ft. long, and were manned by naval crews. When launched on the west bank of the Rhine, they were able to ferry huge numbers of troops and large quantities of equipment across

NEW EQUIPMENT For Use Against Germans and Japs

Scientific and Engineering Advances by the Allies Shown in Pictures

A STEEL-MESH ROADWAY IS LAID DOWN TO A RHINE BEACH as assault troops board their small craft for the crossing to the east bank. The meshing was put down by Royal Engineers to form an emergency roadway over the soft earth near the river's edge so that heavy equipment could later be ferried over

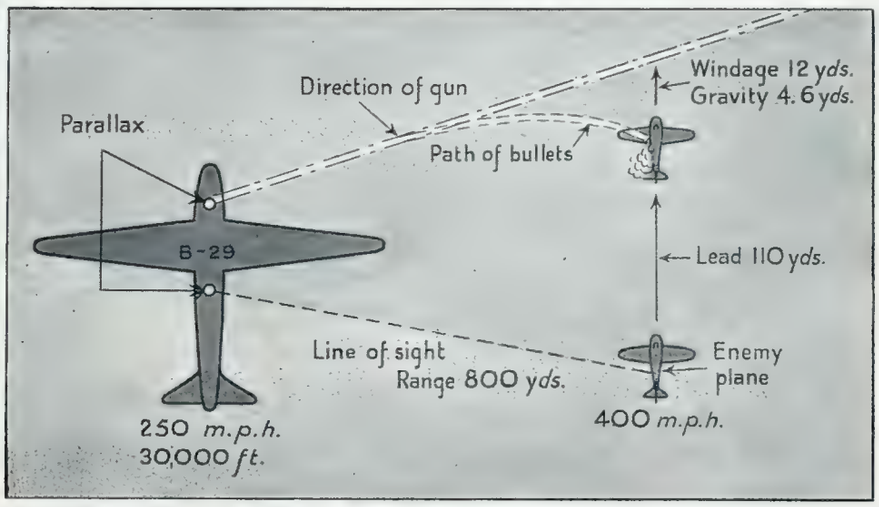
THE DISTANT READING COMPASS OF T R.A.F.: A wonderful device which h superseded the ordinary compass certain British aircraft. A comp which always tells the truth has saved t lives of thousands of R.A.F. airmen dur the past two years. It is known as t Distant Reading Compass, and opera under conditions where the ordinary comp cannot be relied upon or would not even wo Moreover, the Distant Reading Compass w operate instruments automatically, do t intricate job of correcting for the differen between true and magnetic north, a "instruct" pilot, navigator and bomb-aim concerning the course of the plane. The Di tant Reading Compass is a master unit, co taining a compass-monitored gyroscope, wh transmits accurate reading indication to number of repeaters distributed through the aircraft. The Master Unit (above) is fit in the aircraft in a position in which t magnetic conditions are stable. This ov comes certain limitations of the standa magnetic compass and the directional gyr



***On left*—BIGGER AND BETTER: Allie amphibious equipment is growing huge proportions**—*Drawing by E. G. Lamb* New Alligators lined up at a "loading-dock" in Germany for a river crossing. These cr are of a newer, and larger, type than hither They made their appearance during the rece passage over the Roer River

HOW THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG PUSH INTO GERMANY WERE SCREENED FROM THE ENEMY: *On left*—A smoke-curtain is created by hand canisters lit by a fuse. *On right*—Mechanical smoke-generators, mounted on special vehicles and discharging a great cloud through ten nozzles. Both methods were used along the Lower Rhine whilst the armies under Montgomery's command were preparing for their big offensive. Behind the biggest smoke-screen ever put up in the history of the present war, British armour and infantry moved into position for the big offensive—the "final heave" against the Germans on the right bank of the River Rhine. Up and down its banks, thousands of troops kept the smoke-curtain going; and, behind it, roads were prepared, bridging materials brought up and supplies placed in position. In front of the smoke-screen, forward observation posts were manned in the flat and dangerous 100 yards between the winter dykes and the Rhine itself. When all was ready, the infantry moved up into their allotted positions, with everything they needed for the assault placed close to hand. These two pictures show how both methods of creating the smoke-screen, by hand canisters and by mechanical generators, were employed by Field-Marshal Montgomery

A ROCKET-PROJECTOR TANK hides itself from German eyes: Moving through a wooded area near Losheim, this tank of the 10th Armoured Division of the U.S. Third Army has taken up a position well screened from enemy observers. There are sixty barrels, each of which discharges a rocket shell at a not-too-distant target with terrifying and deadly effect. It is one of the newest and most powerful of Allied weapons



HOW THE GUNNERY CONTROL IN THE GREAT SUPER-FORTRESSES IS OPERATED: A diagram which explains the manner in which enemy fighters are engaged whilst the bombers are flying on unescorted missions against the Japs in the Pacific

The Super-Fortresses now flying from Saipan to raid industrial targets in Japan have a terrific armament. They mount ten 50-calibre guns and one 20-mm. cannon: with this offensive equipment, they are quite capable of engaging enemy interceptors—and have done so with great effect.

A demonstration of their central gunnery-control system was recently given, for the first time in public, at a meeting of American industrial leaders in New York. The diagram reproduced above shows how the system works, the result of research by engineers and scientists of the General Electric Company.

When the big bomber goes into action against an enemy fighter, the gunner gets the latter in his sights and presses the trigger. Whereupon, the guns in a turret a number of feet away from the gun-sight discharge their destructive bullets at the Jap plane. The line of fire, however, is ahead and above the enemy plane, which would move forward 110 yards going at 400 miles an hour at 30,000-feet altitude while the bullets were going 800 yards.

The lead, windage, gravity and parallax corrections are made by an electronic and mechanical computer, and the bullets follow these corrections, ripping apart the swiftly-moving enemy plane. The parallax correction is something new in aerial gunnery, being the distance between the sight and the remotely-located guns of the Super-Fortress.

THE FOLDING WINGS OF THE GRUMMAN WILDCAT, which swivel backward and upward to give a tent-like appearance to the fighter when pegged down on the deck of an aircraft-carrier—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Space is of great importance when planes are being operated from carriers at sea—as much for stowage in the hangars below as for economy of space on the deck when numbers of them are being readied for flight. The Grumman Wildcat is distinctive for the manner in which its wings fold—backward and upward, as shown in this drawing—in the most economical manner possible. The Wildcat is a single-seat fighter plane of all-metal structure with a distinguished record of service in more than one battle area

From Many PARTS of the WORLD

News Pictures Showing Wartime Activities in Allied and Occupied Countries

KING FAROUK VISITS A BRITISH ESCORT CARRIER : On the bridge of H.M.S. "Hunter" in the Mediterranean. The King, wearing dark glasses, is standing with Vice-Admiral W. G. Yennant, C.-in-C. in the Eastern Mediterranean ; on the left is Vice-Admiral Mahmoud Hamza Pasha, of the Egyptian Navy

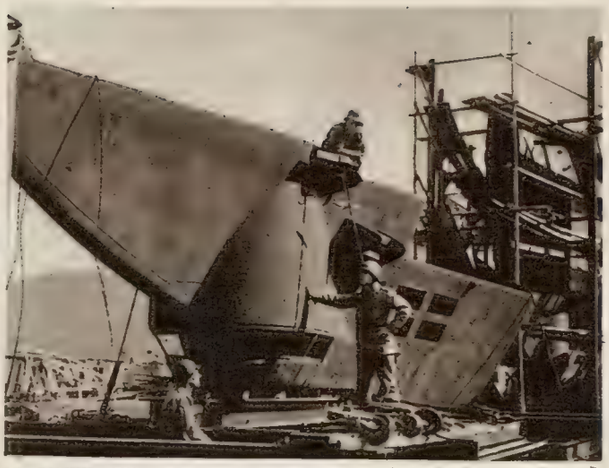
FOR THE WESTERN FRONT : British Ambulance Railcar No. 1 standing in the Gare du Midi in Brussels. This has been constructed jointly by the Belgian railways and British R.E.s of the Railway Construction Company for the medical services of the 21st Army Group. A Diesel railcar, it is fitted with accommodation for twenty-seven stretchers in three tiers. It had its first trial run from Brussels to Renaix recently, and on board were officers of the Medical Services and Royal Engineers. and also M. Warthe, Assistant to the Chief Mechanical Engineer for Carriages and Wagons of the Belgian railways

IN NORTH AFRICA : THE BRITISH MILITARY ADMINISTRATION IN CONTRO AT BARCE. Barce, situated in the centre of the Barce Plain, with its many colonisati farms set up by the Italians, is now controlled by the Briti Military Administration. Local Arabs wishing to trade the merchandise must apply for permission to the Supplies an Trade Department of the Administration, who control i imports and exports in this area. In this picture, Staff Quarte master-Sergeant J. J. Walton, a fluent speaker of Arabic seen discussing ration-cards with the local butcher

IN GREECE, THE E.L.A.S. FORCES SURRENDER UP THEIR ARMS : An E.L.A.S. officer watches whilst British troops assemble a 7·5 howitzer made at the Skoda works. Under the terms of the peace treaty signed by the Greek Government and E.A.M.-E.L.A.S., arms and ammunition have now been handed in by the latter organisation. British troops were responsible for the collection and for the arrangements for dumping of the arms. The dump seen here, situated at Loutra Plastisoman was believed to be one of the largest in the area. Weapons of all descriptions were handed in and sorted E.L.A.S. guards were present until the final check and handing-over

A FILIPINO WOMAN GUERILLA FIGHTER : Mila Calm twenty-two-year-old Filipino, who fought with th guerilla forces on Luzon Island. She clutches her pist with one hand and holds an Army banner with the other. She rendered important aid to the American during the mopping up of the Jap forces on the island

A GERMAN U-BOAT FACTORY ON THE RHINE IS CAPTURED : Troops of General Hodges' First Army, fighting on the east bank of the river, have captured the German factory at Rheinbrohl, where submarine parts were prefabricated and shipped to assembling yards. This picture shows a general view of the plant, with unfinished sections of U-boats still on the stocks



AT RHEINBROHL, ON THE RHINE : American troops examine the prefabricated forward section of a U-boat ; another section is seen under construction in the stocks behind

SIMLA EXPERIENCES THE WORST BLIZZARD IN ITS HISTORY : The roof of the Government of Burma building which collapsed under the great weight of the snow

CITIZENS OF SIMLA PASSING ALONG TRACKS CUT THROUGH THE MAIN SHOPPING STREET : In one place, only their heads can be seen above the great drifts. Simla has just recovered from the severest winter experienced for many years. In January, the city suffered the heaviest snowfall in living memory and became completely marooned. All communication with the outside world was severed ; the temperature dropped below freezing-point and many water-mains burst ; snowdrifts 12 to 15 ft. deep blocked the streets. The weight of the snow on the roofs caused many to collapse, including those of the station and Government of Burma buildings

REBUILDING MALTA, WHERE THE TASK OF RESTORING THE MORE NOTABLE BUILDINGS HAS BEGUN : This is the Auberge d'Italie, considered the most beautiful and stately of its class on the island. It received a direct hit when Valetta was dive-bombed by the Germans. It was built by the Grand Masters in the year 1574. It is here seen with the buttress wall put up to prevent its collapse during rebuilding operation

THE NEWLY-REBUILT PALAZZO PARISIO : Napoleon the Great sojourned here when he drove out the Grand Master in 1798. Up to the time of the German dive-bombing attacks, the Palazzo housed the Malta General Post Office. This picture shows it almost rebuilt : the Auberge d'Italie is on the right. For the island of Malta, the terrors of war are now over, and the gallant islanders are hard at work reconstructing some of the more notable of their public buildings, many of them of great antiquity and architectural beauty. Much of the stone comes from the famous quarries some seven miles inland. Ingenious methods have been employed to preserve the tottering walls, and have met with great success. Some of the roads in the capital are still blocked with rubble, but the work of clearing them, and of rebuilding schools and dwelling-houses, is proceeding apace

WHEN THE GENERAL ELECTION COMES

What the Prospective Candidate May, and May Not, Do When He Comes Forward to Solicit Your Vote

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

SECOND only in interest to the exploits of the B.L.A. and the Americans across the Rhine is the coming General Election. Almost entirely unnoticed by the newspapers, every constituency in the country is humming with activity. More politics are being talked than at any time since 1938, or even earlier. Members of Parliament, who a few months ago did not expect nor secure audience of more than fifty or sixty people at a political meeting, now find their halls filled to overflowing. Their letter-bags have jumped to heights particularly expensive in view of the 2½d. stamps required.

The official stand-down of the Home Guard on December 3, 1944, emphasised this growing interest in politics. Nearly 2,000,000 men who had grown accustomed to setting aside two or three evenings away from their home life found the habit ingrained in them. It was natural that political meetings would form a substitute for periods devoted to military training.

Unfortunately for Members of Parliament, the Ministry of Labour turned a deaf ear until quite recently to requests for the release from the Forces of political agents, irrespective of their politics. The Conservative Party alone have 211 political agents and women organisers serving in the Forces, and another 138 in the various Ministries and National Service. Recently the Ministry of Labour relented up to a point, and driblets are being released from the Services, perhaps three or four a day. In the meantime, out of 640 constituencies—which is to be the new number—only 300 have paid organisers, either agents or acting agents. Elsewhere the M.P.s have to rely entirely on voluntary assistance. This is by no means easy to secure, in spite of the aforesaid increase in political interest. The W.V.S. are still very much at work; thousands of women, as well as men, are doing part-time work in the factories, thus using up all their available spare time. Most electors too are working such long hours that they have no energy left by the evening. Indeed, many of them are still hard at work.

All this throws a much greater strain on Members of Parliament and their families. At the moment all of them are working with one hand metaphorically tied behind their backs. For it will not be until May 7 that the new National Register of the electorate (actually there are three of them—Service Registry, Civilian Register and Business-Premises Register) will be printed and available. The pre-war Register is now hopelessly out of date. In the case of Marylebone, the number of 72,000 voters is expected to be reduced to 32,000. M.P.s, of course, can work on the people whom they actually see around them in their constituency, but it will not be until next month that they will have anything approaching a clear picture of their field of political endeavour. Not only this. A Member of Parliament was telling me the other day that while talking casually politics to a railway porter at Crewe last week, the porter pointed out that, though he was thirty years old, neither he nor his wife had ever had a chance of voting. It is certainly extraordinary that the Mother of Parliaments has not been able to give the electorate a chance to vote during all these years, although the voters of Canada and Australia, for example, have had at least one, if not two, opportunities of registering their political opinions.

The question of the troops—both men and women overseas—has already been discussed in a previous article. Unlike the American Presidential Election, in which the results were tentatively declared before the votes of the American sailors, soldiers and airmen could be "returned," Great Britain will follow the example which she set just after the last war. This means that twenty days' grace will be given for the recording and despatching of all votes of troops overseas as from Polling Day itself. Polling Day cannot be less than three weeks, and will probably be six weeks, after the writ for the General Election is issued. So every vote of the troops overseas will count. What is more, the civilian votes in this country will not be counted until the twenty-first day after the polls. So all votes, both civilian and military, will be added up altogether. All the troops overseas will receive election addresses from the various candidates in good time, each constituency being allowed a whole ton of paper for this and other clerical work and posters. But no doubt the candidates will keep their election addresses as concise and to the point as possible.

THE GREATEST PARLIAMENTARIAN OF MODERN TIMES—THE LATE EARL LLOYD-GEORGE. A characteristic study taken during a speech at the Savoy Hotel in April 1931

Earl Lloyd-George was eighty-two years of age at his death on March 26. Since the early years of the century he bestrode the political scene like a Colossus, dwarfing many who worked beside him. He entered Parliament in 1890, at the age of twenty-seven, under Mr. Gladstone: he assumed office—as President of the Board of Trade—in 1906. For many years he was regarded as a firebrand, a scorner of tradition and a pacifist. In 1916, after a period at the War Office, he assumed the Premiership and remained in office, to dictate the peace terms at Versailles, until 1922. After the death of his first wife, Dame Margaret, Earl Lloyd-George married, in 1943, Miss Frances Stevenson, who had for years acted as his secretary

IN LATER YEARS, in retirement on his estate at Churt. With his secretary for many years, on his eightieth birthday. Later, in 1943, Mr. Lloyd George married Miss Stevenson, who now survives him

To revert to the scarcity of professional political agents and paid organisers, those Members of Parliament who are relying on voluntary aid must be considerably worried about the dangers of their enthusiastic assistants indulging quite innocently in corrupt or illegal practices as laid out in the summary of election offences. Amongst these:

It is bribery to give, lend or promise money or money's worth, in order to induce an elector to vote or abstain from voting for a particular candidate. The consequences are the same whether the payment is made directly or indirectly, and whether before, during or after an election.

The elector who receives a bribe for his vote, or who bargains for a promise of employment or reward of any kind, is equally guilty of bribery, whether it is done before, during or after the election.

The offence of treating is committed if before, during or after an election any meat, drink, entertainment or provision is corruptly paid or provided for any person at any time in order to influence him, or any third party, to vote or abstain from voting at the election.

The threat to withdrew custom or employment is undue influence if done with the view of affecting the elector's vote.

Any person who applies for a ballot paper in the name of another, whether living or dead, or of a fictitious person, is guilty of personation.

Aiding or abetting personation is equivalent to personation itself.

Incurring any expense on account of public meetings, or issuing advertisements, circulars or publications, for the purpose of promoting or procuring the election of any candidate, unless authorised in writing to do so by the election agent.

As for illegal practices, these include:

Any payment or contract for payment knowingly made in contravention of the Act, or the receiving of any payment, or being party to any contract, with the like knowledge.

Payment of election expenses otherwise than through the election agent.

Payment to any person, other than the candidate or his election agent, of any money provided for election purposes.

Making or publishing, before or during any election, for the purpose of affecting the return of any candidate, any false statement of facts in relation to the personal character or conduct of such candidate.

Parliamentary election manuals show the amount of money which may be spent per head of a constituency in a table giving the scale of payment from one voter up to 60,000; at which point it is shown that a candidate may spend £1,500 on fighting a County seat if the electorate is 60,000, in addition to which there are his own personal expenses and a special agent's fee up to £75.

Not being an actuary I do not know exactly how much the respective candidates for Hendon were allowed to spend at the last election, but this mammoth constituency had an electorate of no fewer than 193,000 voters, and the permissible expenditure must have been in the neighbourhood of £3,200.

New redistribution of constituencies has been designed to give an average of 54,000 voters per seat. Apart from this, the Speaker of the House of Commons has made the special recommendation that, in future, the prospective candidate will be limited to the lump sum of £450, plus 1½d. per elector if it is a County constituency, and a 1d. per elector if the seat is a Borough. This would save future M.P.s a pretty little sum, especially as the poll-cards will be sent out by the returning officer instead of the candidate, if the recommendation is approved. In spite of this, candidates can budget for something in the neighbourhood of £900 as the cost of the actual election itself; and in this connection it seems harsh that, unlike doctors, architects and others, they are not allowed any rebate by the Inland Revenue for these necessary expenses. Quite apart from this special expenditure during the three or six weeks of intensive electioneering immediately before the poll, candidates can reckon on spending several hundreds a year. A typical Conservative Member for a London constituency tells me that political agents cost anything from £450 a year to £1,500 a year. On top of that, subscriptions to charities amount to £200 per annum, while social expenses come to double that sum. If an M.P. goes to a garden party or jumble sale, he has to buy at every stall. If he goes to a whist drive, he must purchase raffle tickets and then put the prize up to auction if he wins one. If he goes to a dance or other kind of social evening, he finds himself buying drinks right and left. He is, in fact, almost always the host. In this way, his £600 a year is promptly eliminated.

IN JANUARY 1912, when Lloyd George was regarded as a firebrand. With his first wife arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral for the service held after King George's return from India

During the war the rising cost of living has involved, among other things, an increase in the price of stationery, of higher rentals for political offices, bigger salaries for any paid clerical assistance. Even the cost of hiring halls has gone up. Against all this, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has once again become the subject of the greatest personal interest of many thousands of people and his meetings are all fully attended.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE NEWEST TYPE OF BRITISH DESTROYER: Ships of the Z class steaming fast through northern waters on the return from Norway
—Drawing by Montague Dawson

Although not given in the usual authoritative reference books, the British Navy now has destroyers of the Z class, which must obviously be of the very newest type. This became apparent when the announcement was made recently of the rescue of 525 Norwegians from the Germans in the Galten Fiord. It was then stated that three destroyers of the Z class participated—*Zambesi*, *Zealous* and *Zest*—together with the Canadian destroyer *Sioux*. The drawing reproduced here gives an impression of one of these new additions to the Royal Navy. No details as to performance or armament are yet available, although the general "silhouette" of the vessels has been made public through the publication of pictures taken at the time of the stirring incident

NEW BRITISH DESTROYERS

And Other Recent Naval Pictures

COMMANDING OFFICER of the destroyer "Zealous"—Commander R. F. Jessel, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar

TWO PERISCOPE ACTION-PICTURES TAKEN FROM THE FAMOUS SUBMARINE "UNRUFFLED," showing an enemy supply ship settling by the stern after being torpedoed. These two dramatic pictures were taken through the periscope of the famous British submarine *Unruffled* off Cape Gallo during the period when she sank over 40,000 tons of enemy shipping bound for the German armies in North Africa. They illustrate the risks the *Unruffled* took in attacking ships close to the shore and within range of enemy land batteries—risks she took more than once during her commission in the Mediterranean under the command of Lieutenant J. S. Stevens. The crew of the *Unruffled*—75 per cent. of them at that time having signed on for hostilities only—held a record number of awards: two D.S.O.s, three D.S.C.s, eleven D.S.M.s, and six mentions in despatches

A NAVAL AIRCRAFT CRASHES INTO THE SEA after having turned over on its back. This plane was being flown by a Fleet Air Arm pilot when it went out of control. The propeller is churning up the water just at the moment of impact

SCENES in the HOME COUNTRY

A Series of News Pictures Taken in England Within Recent Days

A 1,000-TON WARSHIP IS LAUNCHED BROADSIDE ON AT A SOUTHERN SHIPYARD : H.M.S. "Rippon," a Fleet Air Arm ferry, safely afloat. The heaviest ship ever launched by the broadside method in England left the slips a few days ago at a southern shipyard. She is the *Rippon*, a vessel of 1,000 tons, which has been built as a ferry for the use of the Fleet Air Arm. In order to ensure her safety during the launching, a creek was specially dredged and prepared at Faversham by Messrs. James Pollock and Sons, her builders. The *Rippon* is a steel vessel : she is expected to go to the Far East for special work in close support of our Air Forces. The launching ceremony was performed by Mr. Charles Carter, foreman shipwright, who has worked with Pollocks' for twenty-seven years.

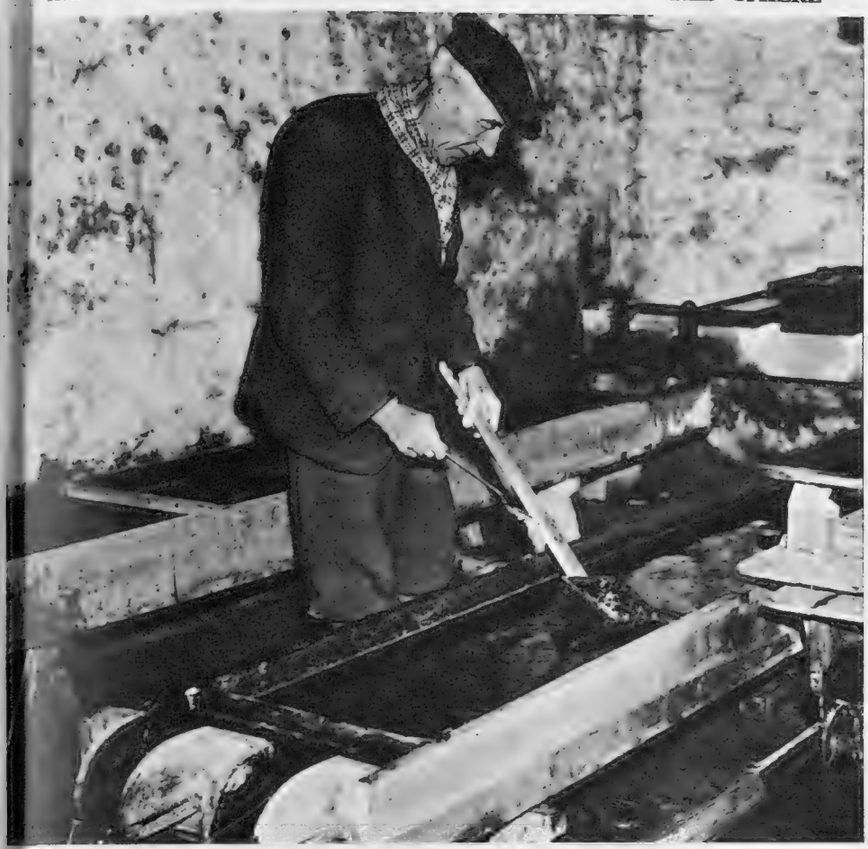
THE LAUNCHING OF THE "RIPPON" : Mr. Charles Carter, foreman shipwright, swinging his axe to cut the rope releasing the vessel. This was his 800th launch from the Faversham shipyard, where he has worked for twenty-seven years

THE WITHY HARVEST : Gathering the osiers on the mud-banks of the River Severn. Cutting withies, or osiers, for basket-making is now in full swing near Tewkesbury. As a result of the war and the great demand for basket-work of all kinds, this old riverside industry is now experiencing a great boom. The osiers grow in good numbers on the river bank, and are cut by men experienced in this old craft

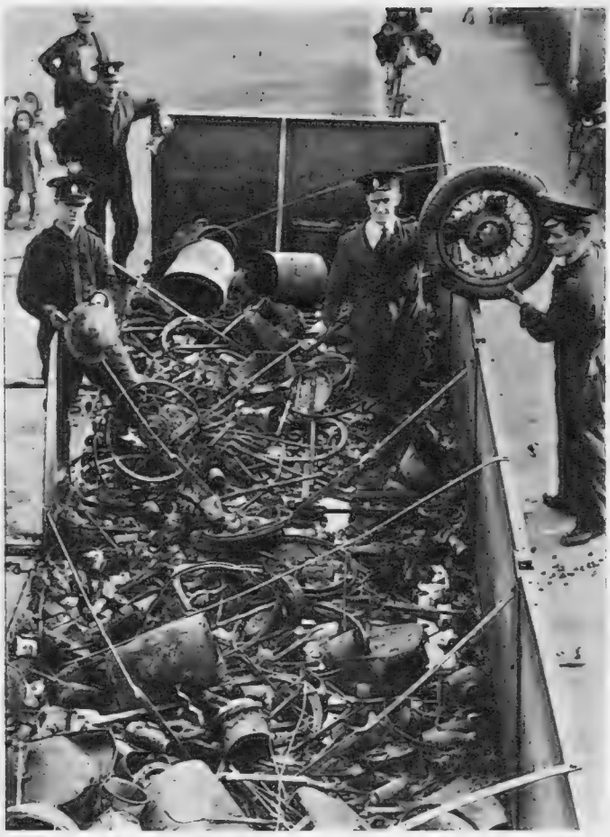
THE SALMON FISHERS OF THE RIVER SEVERN : One trawl has yielded one small and one large fish : but by far the larger number of trawls yield nothing ! A scene on the banks of the river at Apperley, Gloucestershire, where the netting of salmon began some weeks ago. The net is taken upstream in a boat, and then dragged down by a man on each bank : it is finally closed by a winding winch. Most of the trawls do not prove very productive of fish : but whatever hauls are made nowadays are certain of a very quick and profitable market

CLAY PIPES ARE COMING BACK INTO FASHION : A woman worker "tips" the finished pipes to prevent the mouthpiece sticking. As briar pipes become more and more difficult to obtain (owing to the great scarcity of the briar- root from Southern France) the old-fashioned clay pipe is once again in great demand. These two pictures were taken recently at the clay-pipe works at Broseley, in Shropshire, where the industry has been carried on for over 100 years

THREE OF THE WOMEN WORKERS EMPLOYED AT THE BROSELEY FACTORY engaged on "finning" and trade-marking the shanks of the clay pipes. Owing to the scarcity of briars, the demand for clays is now greatly on the increase



A TROUT FARM IN THE COTSWOLD VILLAGE OF BIBURY: Mr. A. Severn, the owner, feeding the young fish which have been raised for the stocking of rivers all over the country. The Bibury trout farm was started by Mr. Severn in 1903: it is probably the oldest in the country. Situated on the banks of the River Colne, the farm is ensured of a supply of uncontaminated water for the rearing troughs and ponds. The newly-hatched fish are kept for some weeks in troughs of running water, under cover, and are later moved to the outdoor ponds: here they have to be protected from the birds with wire-netting. All the fish have to be fed four times a day: the provision of the right kind of food is a wartime problem, as a slight error may result in the death of thousands of the young trout



HOW THE STATIC WATER TANKS OF THE COUNTRY ARE ABUSED BY CARELESS CITIZENS: Men of the N.F.S. engaged on the task of dismantling this tank in Rose Avenue, Worcester, found this conglomeration of articles deposited therein. Although only eight months have elapsed since last it was cleaned, over two tons of rubbish were revealed when the dismantling took place. Frequent reference has been made to the manner in which these water tanks have been abused: but, still people in certain areas regard them as convenient dumping places for their unwanted refuse

MRS. CHURCHILL PRESENTS THE "QUEEN OF THE RAILWAYS" with a Penny-a-Week badge: Wearing the uniform of the Red Cross and St. John, Mrs. Churchill was present at the ceremonial opening of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund Exhibition Coach at King's Cross Station on March 23. After inspecting a Guard of Honour of nurses, she presented Greta Richards, of Feltham, "Queen of the Railways," with a badge for her work in connection with the Fund

A RED ARMY CAPTAIN AT THE STAGE-DOOR CANTEEN: Captain Orest Shevtsov, of the Soviet Army, dances with one of the hostesses at the Stage-Door Canteen. Captain Shevtsov, twenty-five years old, fought on three fronts. He has been decorated with the Order of the Red Star and the Medal for the Defence of Moscow

PETS' CORNER . . .

A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE CHILDREN'S ZOO: When this section opens at Regent's Park, youngsters will see a new arrival—a baby goat born a few weeks ago. This picture, showing mother and baby, was taken only ninety minutes after the latter was born

THE FIRST YAK TO BE BORN IN LONDON, in the cattle-shed in the Zoo, in Regent's Park: The mother is three-year-old Edie, a brindled yak sent up from Whipsnade during the winter. This picture was taken two hours after the birth

MOLLY, THE MILKMAN'S PONY: She is quite a determined creature who fully knows her own mind, as this picture demonstrates. When she reaches the door of the local store at Wavenden, in Bucks, she waits for her tit-bit. If it does not come quickly, she rattles the door very loudly to expedite matters

MONKEY BUSINESS IN SYDNEY: Cyril is the main attraction at the open-air circus at Sydney Park, N.S.W. With an expression of grim determination he is here setting out for his early-morning bicycle practice in the Zoological Gardens. He has experienced many falls—which may possibly account for his intensely serious expression

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE TRUTH ABOUT DEMOCRACY.—For some years now I have been a voice crying in the wilderness for a definition of that word Democracy which is for ever on the tongue (in cheek) of statesmen and politicians.

Recently Lord Quickswood tried his hand and, as I think, made a good job of de-bunking *our* brand of Democracy.

At any rate, he made very clear to me that the ideal of Democracy is one thing, the ideal translated into practice another. Government, he declared, of the people, for the people, is perhaps attainable, but the whole of Lincoln's magnificent sentence has hitherto proved beyond the compass of *our* compromise. Government in Britain, hitherto, "by the people" has proved generally impossible under the device called "representative government," which is something more than a necessary expedient to delegate to a few the "ideal" right of 40,000,000 (i.e., to govern); it is proof positive that government *by* the people is not practical politics.

Here is the kernel neatly extracted by the ex-Provost of Eton:

"Oligarchy—that is, government by the Few—is the natural government of mankind, and to it all forms of government tend to assimilate. Put twenty men in a room to deliberate about anything, and in an hour you will find that two or three are leading and guiding them. The few, the able few, always lead and guide the less able many. This general law operates strongly on the mechanism of representative government. We will see how it works here in England.

Let us suppose that a constituency has to elect a member. There exist already party organisations of the Conservative, Labour and Liberal parties. The committees of these organisations select names; probably they submit them to larger meetings of their organisations, but in all these deliberations the law of oligarchy prevails. It is the able few who made the organisation, and they or their successors control it. Two or three able men—sometimes, but rarely, one able man—dominate each committee and through the committee the whole organisation. The candidates, who are to be submitted to the constituency, are really chosen by small knots of able men in the organisations. They are then nominated and the votes of the whole constituency are solicited; meetings are held; sometimes there is canvassing; there are posters and leaflets in abundance; but the constituents have only the very limited choice between the three candidates propounded to them. An elector may find, and often does find, that he does not really agree with any of the three; but if he is to vote at all, he has to vote for one of them."

The "Able" Minority.—This is lucidity itself. I pause only to criticise a single adjective. The different parties possess in the constituencies their own local committees composed of "two or three able men," who under the old, inevitable law of oligarchy do the business for the 50,000 who possess the *right* to do it.

Does the adjective "able" stand the test of examination in your own constituency? It does not in all. Whose fault is that? It is yours and mine. For decades we have been too idle, too lethargic, to go to the *source* of representative government—that is, to select our own selectors. If you find that in your constituency for twenty years the Conservative Association has been composed of an old Tory, die-hard, salt-horse Admiral, a brass-bound peeress and a stiff-rump squire, united in the mentality of the naughty '90's, whose be-all and end-all for the choice of a Conservative candidate is a sprig of the nobility ready to subscribe to local cricket clubs and other approved institutions, can you expect that when it comes to an election, you may be sure to find that you "agree with at least one" of the party candidates put forward for your choice?

You reject the Liberal because he is a Liberal, the Labour man because he is a Socialist and the Conservative because he is a pompous and ignorant ass, having been chosen by three pompous and ignorant asses to whom your rights of selection have gone by your own default. That is an extreme case, but not a unique case. Let us proceed to the next stage. This candidate, we will say, tops the poll and goes to Westminster to represent in the Conservative interest a lukewarm majority and two very much opposed minorities. Clearly those minorities, which may total 45 per cent. of the electorate, are not represented at all—politically. How far is the Conservative majority able to make its voice heard through its new representative in Parliament?

Democracy in Parliament.—Hear Lord Quickswood again on this point:

"The real decision is made by the leaders of the party, who decide how the party is to vote. If the member has strong, conscientious convictions, he sometimes votes against his party or abstains from voting altogether. The Labour Party, which oddly is the most servile where party discipline is concerned, appears to allow no independence beyond abstention on any important issue. If a Labour Member defies his party he may be expelled, and this may often involve for him serious financial loss. It is notable that no one calls this corruption, though when we read the pages of history and learn how King George III or the Duke of Newcastle dismissed placemen or pensioners for voting wrong, we are shocked at the corruption which was prevalent in the eighteenth century.

The Conservative Party is rather freer; but even among them what is called "pressure" is brought to bear upon a member from the party organisation in his constituency to make him vote as his party leaders wish. But no one calls these threats corrupt.

"There is nothing really democratic in all this; it is all oligarchic: the leaders of the party are few; the organisers in the constituency are also few. Further, without these coercive methods, the general atmosphere of the party usually makes them unnecessary, and the member, supposed to be the organ of democracy, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred acts as his leaders direct. In this way the majority of the House of Commons support the Government, and the Ministers take their decision alone, or in strict secrecy in the Cabinet Council, or more informally by conversations among themselves. But it is always the deliberations of the Few; the people only hear of a decision when it is announced in Parliament or in the Press."

This decision may be a declaration of World War; or it may be a decision to spend a hundred millions of the citizens' money on a particular object. And not even Parliament can yet by any existing machinery ensure that those millions are not wasted, let alone veto the decision to spend them!

And once again:

"Apart from this general and constant influence on political affairs, there are occasional assertions of public opinion which are supreme and decisive, but they are rare. The only two I can think of in recent times are the rejection of what was called the "Hoare-Laval Agreement" for the partition of Abyssinia, and the sentiment relating to the circumstances out of which the abdication of King Edward VIII arose. These expressions of public opinion were not uttered only in the House of Commons, but very strongly in the Press and even in ordinary conversation between one man and another. They were in the true sense democratic decisions: the people decided and governed; but such decisions seldom happen."

"The only two" instances in modern times which Lord Hugh Cecil's long experience could call to mind!

And two world wars, with their tremendous decisions, have been fought in his time! The Government declares war because there is no machinery possible which can in time secure the *people's* decision.

And on those rare occasions when the people's will is obtainable and ascertainable in time, where is that opinion ventilated and decided? In Parliament? No. In the Press, in the street, *anywhere* but in at the seat of democratic government.

The Charge of Hypocrisy.—In short, there is no such thing possible at this stage of our political evolution as a political democracy, and it is doubtful if there ever will be, until by education and evolution all men become supermen or "able" men, and even then some scientist must elaborate a device which moves quicker than our present "plant" of representative government.

To-day the nearest substitute of Lincoln's ideal of democracy is translated haltingly into practice not at Westminster, but in Fleet Street. "Democracy" under present-day representative government is moonshine. Still as of old we are governed by oligarchy, and it is difficult to assert that any other form of government is yet possible or yet desirable for Britain. We should be as a nation much less hypocritical, much less muddle-headed, if we frankly admitted a well-proven truth. Let us drop the word democracy and strive by all means to make oligarchy mean what it should mean, government by the few and best—aristocracy in short, in its purest, finest interpretation. There are good reasons for saying that Britain is more open to the charge of hypocrisy in its insistence on its democratic principles than are other so-called democratic States. Lincoln's ideal is certainly a great ideal and, given a number of not yet realised prerequisites, may be practicable one day.

Britain has not travelled far along that road, and still reveals peculiar proofs that she is in no great hurry to start. For one thing, working by committees is our approved procedure in all our spheres of activity, so that every Englishman, be he in business, in any branch of Government, in politics, in some branch of the judicature, *is perfectly aware of that secret* of committee work revealed by Lord Quickswood—namely, that each and all are really run by a small able minority or oligarchy, and that the rest of the members are supers and mere time-wasters. In short, every executive man and woman knows quite well that we are not "democratic," but run our affairs under oligarchy. Talk of democracy is therefore sheer hypocrisy. And again. Taking the term "Aristocracy" in its most debased definition, any foreign observer, examining a cross-section of the British Press, will find clear evidence that a majority of this country still sets great store by titles, class distinctions and the doings and recreations of a privileged class. Sheer hypocrisy again to prate of democracy. Myself, I do not quarrel with the ideal of democracy. I quarrel with our hypocrisy in boasting about it when we all know that it does not exist, and that the will and the prerequisites to secure its existence do not yet exist.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET IS NOW ALMOST AN ENGLISH ART: Two pictures from the new Kyasht production, "Katyusha." *Above*—Leonard Boucher, Nevill Astor and Mikhail Kallunis dance a triumphant gopak

It was only in 1909 that the Russian school of ballet became famous outside its own country. Since then, however, it has created enthusiasm amongst wide sections of the English public. With its combination of colour, design, dancing and music, ballet is now a favourite with civilians and Forces alike. Mme. Lydia Kyasht's Company, is well known in England: after touring the country, it is now fulfilling an engagement with E.N.S.A. Two scenes from its newest production, *Katyusha*, are given here. This ballet retells the fairy-story of the stealing of two peasant children by a witch who turns them into puppets, but is later forced to restore them to their distraught mother, Katyusha, and her lazy husband

IN THE KYASHT BALLET OF "KATYUSHA": Ivan and Irena are turned into puppets by Baba Yaga, the witch

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

PICTURES by Radio FROM RUSSIA

IN GERMAN SILESIA: A scene in the town of Christianstadt. German civilians are mobilised for the construction of a military bridge across the River Bober

IN THE GERMAN TOWN OF NAUMBURG, civilians who remained after the retreat of the Nazis are made to tear down the defence barricades in the streets

THE ARRIVAL IN MOSCOW OF THE CZECH PRESIDENT: Dr. Benes (on right) with M. Molotov at the aerodrome, just after arrival

SOVIET SAPPERS IN THE FIGHTING FOR BRESLAU: An assault group, carrying explosives, make their way towards a strong-point held by the Germans

CIVILIANS ARE FORCED TO CLEAN UP THE STREETS in the Silesian town of Sagan after its capture by the Red Army. In the background are the blackened remains of burnt-out dwellings

A SCENE IN SOMMERFELD: A column of German prisoners of war move through the town on the way to an internment camp. This town, too, lies in the captured portion of German Silesia

GERMAN SOLDIERS, who had hidden in a house in Breslau, are forced out and taken prisoner

THE REPATRIATION OF ALLIED WAR PRISONERS FROM RUSSIA: Captain Vasili Voronin speaks to a group of men liberated by the Red Army before they board a ship in the port of Odessa on their way home

ALLIED WAR PRISONERS, FREED BY THE RED ARMY, IN A SANATORIUM IN ODESSA: They lived here for a time after their release, waiting for a ship which would take them back to their home countries in the West

EX-PRISONERS MARCH DOWN TO THE PORT AT ODESSA to board the ship home

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY BACK to England and the U.S.

Representatives of Allied Military Missions recently published a statement after an examination on the spot of the arrangements made by the Soviet Government for the repatriation of British and Allied prisoners freed in the course of the Red Army advance into Germany. The Russians supplied the freed men (who had suffered from insanitary housing conditions and through exhausting labour in Nazi camps) with clothing, medical care, and plenty of good food. They were taken to Odessa in special trains, and were accommodated in the best available buildings, well looked after, and made to feel at home until transport became available to take them home via the Middle East. These radio photographs give an illustration of how the repatriation takes place at the famous Crimean port

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE GALLANTRY of the DESERT COMMANDOS

The Daring Exploits of the Long-Range Desert Group, and a Batch of New Novels of Varied Interest

THERE are stories in this war of a number of special bodies of fighting men and their exploits which are peculiarly exciting, and peculiarly poignant. Sometimes, in the case of our own men, I have thought that this was because their adventures recalled, in their limited scope and limitless gallantry, the daring of our Elizabethan sailors and our soldiers under Marlborough and Wellington. Even in the present war, mechanised beyond our own dreams of ten or even five years ago, there exist groups of men, highly competent, highly mobile and—for this is the force that actuates them—highly venturous.

In such a category come the men of the LONG-RANGE DESERT GROUP (Collins. 12s. 6d.), whose exploits are now admirably, though perhaps too dispassionately, chronicled by Major W. B. Kennedy Shaw, who was Intelligence Officer to the Group from its formation, late in 1939, to the end of the African campaign. Major Shaw explains that the L.R.D.G. owed its origin to the Light-Car Patrol of the North-West Egyptian Desert of the last war. When Italy declared war on the Allies, Field-Marshal Wavell sent for Brigadier R. A. Bagnold, the greatest living authority on the Libyan Desert, and briefed him to build up the Desert Group for what were to amount to guerilla and Commando operations behind the German and Italian lines in the North African Desert.

All the men, including the author, were volunteers, drawn from some fifty units of the Army, and all were specialists of some sort or another; maps, vehicles and supplies were rapidly commandeered, and after only four months' actual training the first sorties were made in the direction of the Italian-held 'Uweinat, valuable intelligence being obtained. Central Libya was the scene of many similar exploits. Subsequent raids, involving the passage of the desert unseen by man for 5,000 years, and springing many surprises on the enemy, were made in connection with the fighting at Siwa, Jalo, Gabes and El Alamein.

In a sense, this is a catalogue of the Group's operations rather than the story of any one exploit, and if its impressive pages have a fault it is that Major Shaw has been too meticulous about apportioning the credit for these exploits evenly. Nothing can make such a story flat, but there is a deliberate avoidance of the heroic here where such a note would have been, to say the least of it, in perfect relevance.

THE CAMERA CAN LIE! A view of Times Square, New York, busiest length of street in the world, taken on a fine Sunday afternoon and not a living soul to be seen—yet every Sunday millions throng this area for a stroll. The truth is that this picture was taken with a camera equipped with a pinhole in place of the lens. Through this hole, ·010 of an inch in diameter, and after a seven-minute exposure, the only things that register are those that are stationary. Any moving figure is lost. The wide-angle perspective is obtained by having the "lens" close to the film. In the immediate foreground is the replica of the Statue of Liberty

THE HANDSOME LANGLEYS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) might well have been subtitled *A Review of English Social Development in the Past Hundred Years*, for that seems to be the fairly palatable pill enclosed in the gilding of fiction. Mr. Neil Bell has always been a thoughtful writer, serious in the French sense, and I don't remember any of his novels which ballooned up from the ground from sheer lightness of heart or touch. The present one is no exception. Opening in 1838 with a sober young man coming to London, not to make his fortune but to earn a decent and respectable living, it follows his fortunes, and the modest fortunes of the family he founds, through the last and the beginning of this century.

Mr. Bell does not deal in equivocation, and there are not two readings of his central character, James Langley, the son of a Bedfordshire schoolmaster and schoolmistress who inherited and developed his father's moral and political intransigence, but passed on to his many children something of the common sense and love for living of his mother. James, who was to become "the Grand Man" in his own family's legend, was what we should now think of as an intolerable, reactionary prig, with all the virtues of financial integrity, temperance and scrupulous honesty, and no trace of tolerance or of liberal feeling. The fact that three relatively intelligent women loved him devotedly is no proof at all that truth is stranger than fiction.

Although it is the family saga that catches the interest, it is the sharpness of focus of the contemporary picture that sustains that interest and makes this Mr. Neil Bell's most successful—as it is his most ambitious—to date.

Miss Anne Duffield's new novel is very frankly a romance, and, within its conventional limits, a satisfactory one. It has none of the scope of her earlier book *Out of the Shadows*, which was a really effective story of an Anglo-Greek friendship during the present war, but it has pace and a movement which her tales never seem to lack, and is perfectly acceptable as the very lightest form of reading.

TAFFY CAME TO CAIRO (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is just about what the title suggests: the tale of a young girl's love-affair in the magical Near East. The magic is topical, though, and the Cairo of Taffy's adventuring is fuller and busier than ever with Allied uniforms, amongst them the trim navy-blue of Taffy's Wren turn-out. She has been posted to the city as a coding clerk in a naval department, and, though a conscientious young worker, has plenty of time left over for exploring the bazaars, going for desert picnics and appreciating the gaiety of Shepheard's veranda.

The neat little triangle of her love-affair produces no surprises, and its happy end could be foretold from the start, but it is none the less credible and told agreeably—two qualities of fictional good manners that are by no means common. Incidentally, however light-hearted Miss Duffield's treatment of her material, I have always had the reassuring feeling in reading her novels that she would write of no scene or location with which she was not genuinely familiar herself.

In other words, if Miss Duffield writes about Cairo in the past year or two, it is because she knows Cairo in the past year or two, and this is a point on which I don't want to be disillusioned.

THE SUN IN THE SANDS (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is now published for the first time, but we are told that Mr. Henry Williamson wrote it more than ten years ago, and that he was then writing of the events of a decade or more earlier. It is perhaps these two time lapses which give the book its strangely nostalgic flavour and its unexpectedly dated style. This is not the writing of *Salar the Salmon* or *The Gold Falcon*, and its rather naïve likeableness is utterly different from what we have learned to expect from this author. That his reminiscences—for this is autobiography—should be ingenuous is surprising in itself. For all that, Mr. Williamson seems incapable of writing really badly, and this volume is worth attention.

The narrative pictures a young man fresh from the horrors and confusion of the last war—a young man shrinking from realities and making an outlet for his idealism in authorship. His life at home with parents whose nerves are also jagged by four years of war—a fact the selfishness of youth does not appreciate—becomes unbearable, and the father, unable to cope with the vagaries of a young man who does nothing but drink, write and treat his home as an hotel, turns him out to fend for himself.

So the young man betakes himself, with a convivial friend, to a cottage in Devonshire, where they live what is sometimes called a Bohemian existence, and is certainly an untidy one. It is here, however, that the young man begins to have some literary success and that his reputation, as we now know it, begins to emerge.

Espionage and counter-espionage in this war, the last war and all the years in between is Mr. Bernard Newman's writing speciality, and his new volume of thirty-one short stories offers every variety of action within that scope. SPY CATCHERS (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) introduces characters faithful readers will remember from other books; Papa Pontivy, for instance, that "colourless, half-bald Frenchman" who, in spite of his physical insignificance, has earned Scotland Yard's greatest respect as a member of the French counter-espionage service.

The ingenuity of Mr. Newman's invention of categories of spies shows no signs of exhaustion. Here are old-lady spies, posing as widows of British sea captains; village-idiot spies; spies using football coupons, regimental badges, barrage balloons, and even Big Ben as the means of conveying illicit information. One lady sews a code into the embroidery of her petticoat, but she is searched by the orders of Papa Pontivy.

All the stories have excellent twists to them, another Newman speciality, and one that has to compensate for an almost complete lack of characterisation. What the author is chiefly concerned with is to show how spies do their work, and sometimes even dramatic effect is sacrificed for this. But the stories at least have the impression of realism, to a degree where I shall soon be looking sideways at innocent fellow-passengers in buses.

CLOSE-UP OF A WATERSPOUT: This view of a waterspout helps to dispel the belief that they consist of solid columns of water. Actually they are rotating columns of cloud. Spray at the base of the column obscures the point where the waterspout touches the sea, and, by its size, indicates that the destructive area of wind is about 500 ft. in diameter. This waterspout is rising into a cloud approximately five miles deep

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society has the proud record of having trained 3,700 poor boys and girls to become not only good but useful men and women. The Society is urgently in need of funds to carry on this great work of caring for young children. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

ROTOL
AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT
FOR PASSENGER AIRCRAFT
ROTOL LIMITED · GLOUCESTER
RA.164

"There comes a tide in the affairs of Empire, as of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. That tide of air transports will flow over the post-war world, and those transports which will carry the citizens of Empire should be the fruit of their brains."

The Rt. Hon. Lord Sempill

Miles AIRCRAFT LTD
READING · ENGLAND

Our payments to The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund

This is the label to look for

MOTOLUXE
THE COSIEST OF COATS

Don't forget this label—it stands for the cosy comfort of Motoluxe Coats. For warm and fashionable wear this spring, you'll find Motoluxe coats are still obtainable, though they won't be plentiful till better times return. We're sorry we can't make any promises about Motoluxe rugs just now, but—they are well worth waiting for.

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain. If any difficulty write to the manufacturers

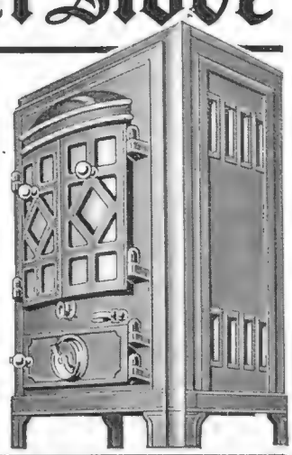
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. CONDUIT ST. LONDON W.1. MAYFAIR 4412

The Courtier Stove

EFFICIENT — ECONOMIC — HANDSOME

—the 'Courtier' Stove combines all the advantages of a slow-combustion stove with the comfort of an open fire. When full supplies are again available, the 'Courtier' will undoubtedly be the popular solution of all heating problems in your post-war home.



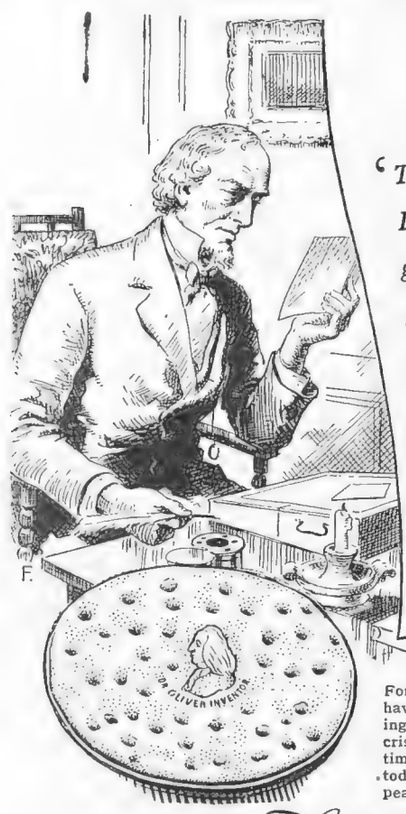
Manufactured by
MITCHELL, RUSSELL & CO. LTD.
BONNYBRIDGE . SCOTLAND

Gracing the festive boards of those civic rituals which have distinguished English life for generations, Minton China continues nobly to fulfil a noble duty. Peerless product of England herself and of English artistry and craftsmanship, what indeed could provide a happier contribution to such auspicious occasions?

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST 1793

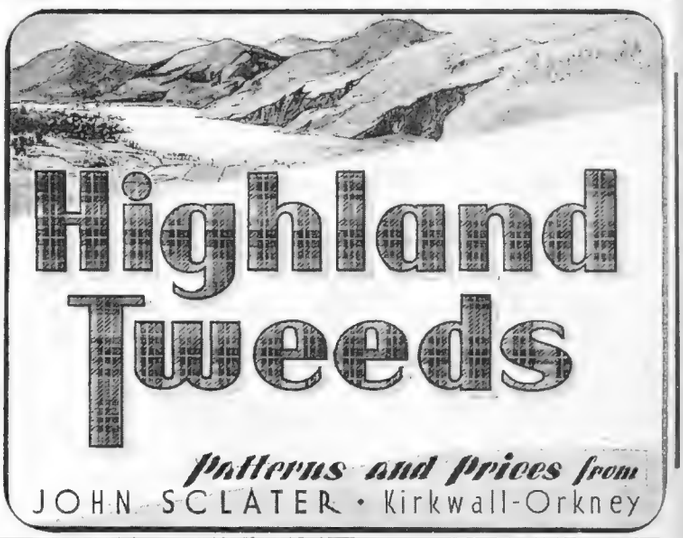


'*The day before yesterday I sent you a leash of golden plovers—the greatest delicacy of this season. They suit the palate after a bad cold, as well as Oliver's biscuits, which are famous.*'

—DISRAELI WRITING TO MRS. BRYDGES WILLIAMS, 6th MARCH, 1862.

For over 200 years, Bath Oliver Biscuits have won the recognition of discriminating palates because of their inimitable crispness and quality. Although war-time conditions have affected supplies today, they will be plentiful again when peace is here.

Fortts
ORIGINAL
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS



The beauty of sound design..

Simple beauty satisfies every taste. No man likes a flimsy gadget—so the "Wandalite" is engineered to satisfy men. No woman likes contraptions in her home—so "Wandalite" is designed without exposed springs and levers—to please women.
The "Wandalite" will be available after the war.

WANDALITE
ADJUSTABLE TABLE LAMP

CORNERCROFT (PLASTICS) LTD.
subsidiary of Cornercroft Ltd. ACE WORKS, COVENTRY

(R.B.) WL.5

We've started Something

A well tailored hand blocked felt hat styled with the inimitable Jaeger flair for fashion. Wear it to match your mood; with Parisian chic or casual elegance. In many colours.

JAEGER

JAEGER HOUSE, 204, REGENT ST., W.1. OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER

Have wartime cosmetics enlarged your pores?

PERHAPS you were one of the unfortunate ones who during the acute cosmetic shortage were forced to buy unknown face powder. Perhaps it has left its mark on your nose in the form of enlarged pores.

What caused this? Some face powders contain ingredients that swell when moist. The powder grains enter the pores and the natural moisture there makes them swell. This forces the pores open. You may find that a good astringent will close up these enlarged pores—but you should also use Coty "Air Spun"—the powder that contains no ingredients that swell. While Coty "Air Spun" cannot cure enlarged pores it will prevent pores already enlarged from getting any larger. Use Coty "Air Spun" in future.

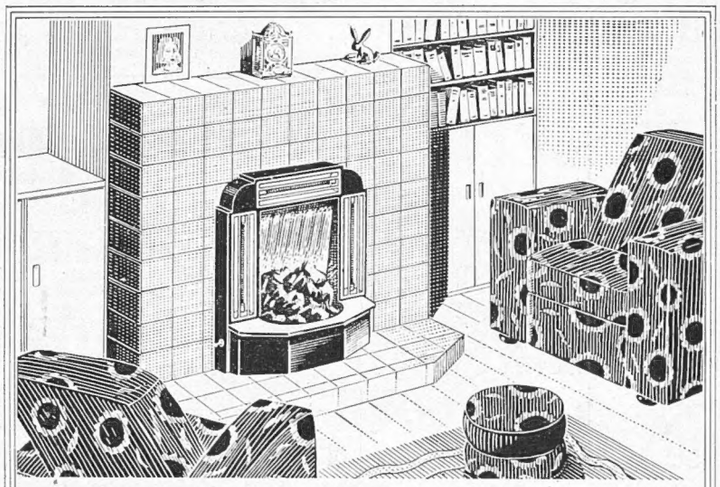
Coty "AIR SPUN"

THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON

RUSTLE OF SPRING..

After five years of Winter as far as domestic radio sets are concerned, the first sign of Spring comes in the "Industry" set, which is now in the dealers'. We at EKCO have always taken pride in our individuality—and will again—but this "combined" production will help out those people who need a new radio now.

EKCO RADIO



Electric HEATING by Creda

A fire in tasteful design, of a type or finish for any scheme of decoration—this is Creda Electric Heating from which you get warmth without work. Make a note for your post-war home.

your constant servant

Issued by SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

IN WAR AS IN PEACE

our work at GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE for crippled women and girls must be continued. The training in making exquisite artificial flowers gives them a standing in life, and a feeling of independence. But their capacity is, of course limited and they are only partially self-supporting, hence the need of this appeal. *Donations and Legacies are needed.* But for the latter, the enterprise could not be fully maintained.

Then our 150 necessitous girls in GROOM'S ORPHANAGE, from infancy to 15 years of age, are entirely maintained. Economy without parsimony is the rule, but, above all, *a happy life for the little ones.*

An Honorary Council, with Lord Radstock as President, watches over the management and expenditure.

Report gladly sent on request to

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE

Head Office: 37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.
Workrooms and Cottage Homes: Edgware.

WHERE THERE'S NEED—

Living up to it!

As soon as the voluntary societies were allowed to go out to the Forces in France, Salvation Army Mobile Canteens landed on the Normandy beaches.

THE NEED WAS THERE—AND THERE WENT THE SALVATION ARMY

Today The Salvation Army has 33 Mobile Canteens up with the troops and often under fire, 28 Leave Clubs and Hostels operating in France, Belgium and Holland, the latest additions to the 2,500 Salvation Army Clubs for Servicemen of the United Nations.

Experienced Salvation Army Officers help with spiritual and personal problems as well as bringing a touch of home comfort where it is much needed.

Wise planning, trained personnel, consecrated service and the generous help of many well-wishers have achieved much. But the need is ever greater. Your gift will help to provide more Mobile Canteens, more Clubs. Please send it to-day to :

GENERAL CARPENTER,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY
Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT

38/125

An Invitation

THE PRIME MINISTER has said :

"We must make exertions to restore our export trade."

The Midland Bank invites all who are making plans for business with other countries to take advantage now of the Bank's co-operation.

The Overseas Branch of the Bank in London and the Foreign Branches in various provincial centres have a vast fund of information and experience, and through many thousands of banking agents in all parts of the world facilities are available for handling every type of transaction.

The Manager of any of the Bank's 1,800 branches will welcome the opportunity of discussing problems related to foreign trade.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Famous for over 100 years for BISCUITS

CARR'S of CARLISLE

Send their compliments to all old and new friends and assure them that, following the removal of all Zoning and other restrictions after final Victory, their ever popular Biscuits will be on sale again everywhere.

© C743

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the

NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

One of Britain's finest hotels

and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX "A wee bit ot Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction ot Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel. : 394.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

An excellent hotel for a wartime break. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding nearby. Tel. : Deganwy 83358.

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Dining Room of

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

The social hub of Devon

THE GEORGIAN HOTEL

HASLEMERE SURREY

Spend a Restful Leave at this Charming Country Hotel. Good cooking. Fully licensed. Two acres of "old-world" gardens. Tel. Management—268 for Tariff.

ON WINDERMERE LAKE

LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL

OWN BOATS AND BOAT LANDING BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN LAKELAND

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN

One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol Quiet, restful amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service. Close station. Terms from 20/- per day incl. Own salmon fishing. Tel. : Llangollen 3207.

COMPLEAT ANGLER HOTEL, MARLOW

Comfort, good food, and a well-stocked bar await you at this well-known Hotel in one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames Valley, only 30 miles from London. Tel. No. : Marlow 15.

FUIDGE MANOR, SPREYTON, MID DEVON

The best ot English food, and every modern comfort, in a friendly old Devon Manor House Bracing climate, attractive countryside. Cocktail Bar, Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, Billiards ; with riding and fishing near by. Terms from 7 gns. a week inclusive. 'Phone : Whiddon Down 205.

HEADLAND HOTEL

TORQUAY

Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

VALSTAR LTD.,
SALFORD 6, Lancs.
Also at 314 Regent St., London, W.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1945. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

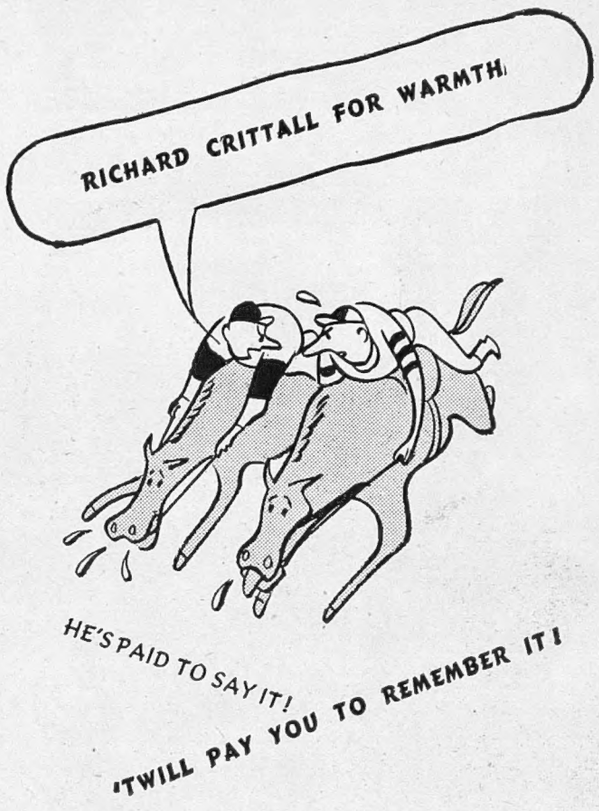
Perpetual Motion

Scientifically it is said to be impossible to achieve perpetual motion but the movement of traffic over the railways comes very near it.

GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

RICHARD CRITTALL & CO. LTD. • SPECIALISTS IN WARMING & AIR CONDITIONING

RICHARD CRITTALL & COMPANY, LIMITED, SPECIALISTS IN COOKING APPARATUS AND KITCHEN EQUIPMENT



RICHARD CRITTALL & COMPANY, LIMITED, SPECIALISTS IN PANEL WARMING AND ENGINEERING SERVICES

RICHARD CRITTALL & COMPANY, LTD., ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

SAUCES MADE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

by Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE

and with the fruits of Victory, Sauce Melba—which made Pêche Melba famous.

Coming

THE RETURN OF

Vantella *SHIRTS*

TO MATCH

"VAN HEUSEN" REG'D *COLLARS*

V226

KERFOOT

If you have any

VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX . . . for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

Lager at its best—

RED TOWER LAGER

WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE

In Peace time it is

'Golden Shred'

Now it's

J.R

JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product

—you can depend on it

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Golden Shred Works London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol

A good time coming and not very far away!

ALREADY some of the famous 'Batchelor' Specialities are back in the shops again and we are hoping conditions may soon permit the present trickle to become a really satisfactory stream.

Meanwhile, in case of difficulty, housewives who 'shop around' a little may be able to provide their families with one or another of Batchelor's many appetising, tasty, time-saving delights.

Ask for Batchelor's Baked Beans in rich Tomato Sauce

Batchelor's

ENGLISH CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

BATCHELOR'S PEAS LIMITED SHEFFIELD

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, April 7, 1945. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.